

Sketches
OF
ORIENTAL CITIES



By
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1935

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I

Tokyo, Japan

WHEN we arrived at the Imperial Hotel, all of our luggage was there in the "lobby" waiting our arrival. It had been sent directly from the ship as soon as we had passed the "customs." The hotel is a very unusual building and very attractive with its lily pond, its fish, the fountains and gardens. We went for dinner on the roof garden. The tables looked very nice and while we were dining, a motion picture was shown of "Alice in Wonderland." This was my first experience seeing a picture while dining and it was very entertaining. A good night's sleep and breakfast; then with a guide we started off to see the sights of the city.

There was a wide spacious parkway opposite the

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Imperial Palace. The old original palace had been occupied by the Shoguns, up to 1868, when the new regime changed everything. The palace grounds cover a large tract of land in the heart of the city. It is surrounded by a high stone wall, and outside of that is a "moat." There are gates by which the favored few may enter, but they are guarded most carefully. The young Emperor has four children and is very much beloved. The trees everywhere had such wonderful care!

We made a visit to The Kudan Memorial War Museum. As we approached we saw the huge Torii, showing that there was a Shinto Shrine. The new entrance of cypress wood, with the imperial insignia well gilded was very large. We passed through a grove of cherry trees that must be very beautiful in blossom time. Placed in a prominent position in front of the Museum were huge implements of war, captured from the Russians. This Shrine is for the special memory of war heroes. As we were looking about we saw people bowing in reverence and they were, no doubt, offering a prayer for the souls of those who had perished.

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out during the different wars. Most unusual were the images in the Museum showing the paraphernalia of the warriors of ancient times. The helmets were so enormous, it seemed almost impossible for any human being to wear them. The arrows, the swords, the daggers were fierce looking. The saddles were set with mother-of-pearl, and with ivory, and were very elaborate. The stirrups on the saddles were awkward looking, almost like houses to cover the feet. There were so many sabers of different sizes and shapes I felt as if I did not want to see any more. When we came to a large case in which there was a woman wearing a sword under her "kimono" and a dagger in her belt, I just had to ask, Why? I was told that at the time of the Shoguns, every woman was supposed to wear the sword and dagger if she belonged to the Samurai! So it seems the women had to be equal to any emergency!

We went through the section of the city where there were colleges and The University of Tokyo. Near these were rows upon rows of bookstores. We saw part of The Imperial Museum. They are building a new one to replace the one destroyed by the earth-

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quake. The way they use bamboo for the construction process was a real mystery to me. Our conductor told us that the Chinese tie the bamboo work together with ropes, while the Japanese use wire which is much more durable. The whole effect of the bamboo scaffolding looked as if nothing could ever come out of such a tangle.

In the Museum we saw some fine specimens of jade and lacquer. One exhibit that attracted me was what had been found in a cornerstone that had been unearthed about eight years ago. They claim that the specimens found date back a thousand years or more. In one section we saw an image of a goddess that was exquisitely colored and had such beautiful hands! Its base was the lotus lily so it must be very sacred. More of the usual things one sees in a museum.

The hospitals were fine-looking buildings. We were told that each woman who becomes a mother, may have hospital care, free, for one week. This is furnished by the Government. There seemed to be children everywhere and the women carried their children on their backs. I watched them as their little heads

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bobbed around and it seemed as if it would be bad for their spines. I wondered why, when they are so clever with their hands, that they didn't make little carts or something that would be better for the physical development of the baby. The children that were toddling around looked happy and contented.

One trip that our conductor took us we will never forget, it was to the Mitsukoshi Department Store. The first thing that we saw were fruit baskets arranged very artistically for "bon voyage" gifts. As fine as any exhibit I have ever seen in America. Then there was such a big "grocery" department. It looked as if one could buy anything, if he had the money. One of the ladies saw parasols, so we went to price them. A trip up the escalator and we got separated from each other. I wanted some rubber bands and after all kinds of motions I finally made them understand what I wanted. We went to see sets of china. We found plenty of small "tea sets" and "saki sets" but no dinner sets. The Japanese use so many bowls for their food, that they have no use for the many dishes that we use. There seemed to be tons of material for

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"obis" and "kimonos," but we could not add too much to our baggage so we refrained from buying any. At last we took the elevator to the roof garden. There was a celebration going on. Girls, all dressed alike, from some school were doing "stunts" to the tune of Japanese music. They were very graceful and it was a wonderful sight! We were ready to go back to the hotel and rest, for we had been having a very strenuous day.

The next day was Sunday and at nine-thirty we took taxis to The Earthquake Memorial Temple. The Torii told the story of its being a Shinto Temple. The form and equipment of the Temple are impartial and therefore the rites and ceremonies of any religion may be observed without difficulty and in addition the Temple can be used as a general lecture hall.

"The earthquake and fire were in September 1923, when more than 58,000 perished." The spot on which the Memorial Temple is erected is the place where the ashes of the dead were piled after the bodies had been cremated. There were a great many people, and even a lot of children in the ground. The large floor was

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A taxi back to the hotel, luncheon, then we sat by the fishpond a little while and then to our rooms.

In the afternoon we all went to see Anyama Gakuin College. One of the professors showed us through the College buildings, then two young women took us through the Women's College. We were told that the enrollment of students is 3700, the largest Christian

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College in the world outside of America. In the Women's College, I was much impressed by the fact that they have a room where the young women are taught the "ceremonial tea" and how it should be served. I believe they are also taught the arrangement of flowers. These two things seem to be necessary for a young woman to know, to be ready for her place in the home. After seeing the College, even to the fine view from the top of the building, we went to the home of the professor and then on to the Tokyo Union Church for vesper services.

A good soloist and a good sermon, though short, and it was so hot I did not dare to lean back against the pew, for fear I should stick fast! The chapel was a gem, and the carving of grapes and grape leaves was exquisitely done, on the table and the altar.

A taxi back to the hotel and such a wild ride as it was!

Our next sight-seeing trip was to Akasaka Park. It was like the "midway" at the World's Fair. People, people in swarms. The shops on both sides of the street had the usual Coney Island stuff. We climbed the steps to a shrine where a priest was behind the screen and did

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a lot of walking around with the candles from the altar.

Everywhere we went we were followed by the curious who seemed to get a great thrill out of seeing us! The shrine was very elaborate and had been rebuilt since the earthquake. We walked through a street where there were theatres and picture shows. The signs were something "fierce." We were glad when we got to the end of this and could get into the autos again. Our next stop was at a park called Kiyosumi. In this park was the most beautiful lake and the grounds were laid out in a most artistic manner. The quiet peace of the place and the wooded walks in the shade were a relief from the heat, for it was a very hot, muggy day. As we walked along on steppingstones we saw fish jump out of the water, not once, but many times. I believe this park had once been a private estate, but had been given to the city for everyone to enjoy.

A visit to The Imperial Museum where we had to wear those big canvas slippers on top of our shoes! The building is magnificent. The central tower rises high above the wings. The different kinds of marble used for the interior finish looked as if it had been

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brought from Italy. It was so immaculate, it looked as if every inch of the walls, the ceilings, and the floors had been polished for the occasion.

The pictures were numbered in natural sequence, starting with number one. This was the beginning of the Emperor's life. The pictures then went on through each stage of national importance, His coronation, marriage, wars, conferences, &c. The true Japanese style of coloring and pose of figures. Ceremony is very strong with the Japanese.

We next went to the Meiji Shrine where the Emperor is buried. No cars were allowed so we walked through most beautiful parks where there were curved pebble walks, and trees well trimmed. We saw a large delegation of young women who were probably from some school or university. They looked happy and their "kimonos" made a bright bit of color against the background of the Shrine and the trees. Another delegation of boys and girls about eight or nine years of age. In front of them stood a priest waving a long spray of white flowers. They all bowed low and finally the priest went into the Temple. At the side of the entrance

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was a long trough where each one took a dipper and poured water on his hands, then took a swallow of water and tipped his head back as if to gargle, this was the purification ceremony. We passed on into the Shrine and stood with bowed heads, as requested, and then threw an offering into the long box that was placed there for that purpose.

Another long walk and we came to the Museum where are kept things that were once used by the Emperor. A desk, a bell, robes of different kinds worn as the highest officer of the army, hats, &c. There was a coach, that had been brought from London, in which he rode in processions of state, behind six horses. The harness was very elaborate. The things that had been used by the Emperor were prized very highly.

We had all been invited to supper with the professor who had so kindly shown us the buildings of Auyama Gakuin College. We had a rest after our sight-seeing and were all ready when our conductor appeared in the lobby to meet us. He was dressed all in white and in his arms he carried an enormous bouquet of roses, carnations, and lilies that we had combined to give

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our "host." We were quite happy as we started off in the autos, for it was quite unusual to be entertained in a "home" while on such a trip as we were taking. No doubt the old friendship between our conductor and the professor was responsible for the courtesy shown to all of us.

Our host met us at the door most graciously and he was all dressed in white, too. As he was living the real Japanese way, we had to remove our shoes, at the door, and put on the felt slippers that they wear in the house. We were taken into the living room where the sliding doors opened on to a lovely grass plot where lovely flowers grew and trees formed a background of beauty.

After visiting a little while we were asked to go to the dining room and were seated at a long table that looked very attractive to all of us. In the center of the table was a potted geranium that had bloomed sideways real Japanese fashion. The china was old Imari, and the "eats" certainly did seem like HOME! We were served by two Japanese boys, sons of servants that had been in the professor's family for a great many years. When they brought in a plate of hot biscuits I just had to exclaim, "Those are the darlinest biscuits,

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just like home!" I hope no one kept count of the number I ate, for they were a sore temptation. A delightful salad, then ice cream and angel cake! As we sat around the table visiting, our host showed us pieces of rare old china, and he evidently loved them as much as a woman does her rare possessions. We went back to the living room where we found easy chairs and soon the Japanese boys placed a small table in front of each one of us, and then we were served coffee. It was interesting to see the table in the center of the room, not more than a foot high, on which were magazines of all kinds. This table was of carved wood from Nikko. The nest of tables was of the same, and a settee of carved wood was beautiful. Our host told us of the lovely interesting things we would find at Nikko, also at Motemarchi in Kobe, and Benton Dori in Yokohama. When we were in those places shopping, we found that all our host had said was true.

All good times must come to an end, so we had to put on our shoes, and go by taxis back to the hotel.

Our experiences in Tokyo had been very interesting and we left with the feeling that we would like to go back to Tokyo again and stay longer!

II

Nikko, Japan

WE WENT from Tokyo by train, to Nikko. We had to make rather an early start, and when we boarded the train there were so many people traveling it was hard to find places for all of our party. The ride was interesting for we saw well-cultivated fields and gardens. Such thrift and such workers! It was raining when we left the train at Nikko, but we were taken to a hotel where we had fine rooms. My room was large enough for half a dozen people. We soon had luncheon and then the sun came out and we started out to see all we could the first afternoon.

About the first thing that we saw was the Sacred Bridge of red lacquer. This is very picturesque and

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makes a pretty post card. Then the shrines and the temples! Our guide took "felt slippers" for he knew how many times we would need them. We saw the "big bell" that is rung each hour of the twenty-four. There was a queer-looking tower to keep off the evil spirits. We saw the house where Gen. Grant spent three days when he was on his "good will" tour to Japan.

We began to climb steps, and to see such very elaborate temples. One was the "all day shrine" so called because one could spend a whole day looking at it and then not see all of the very intricate designs.

The shrine of "The Three Monkeys" is the original of the legend "Hear no evil, Think no evil, See no evil." Although I had heard about the saying and had seen the little images, I had not known before that it had originated at Nikko, Japan. Over one of the shrines was the large carved "cat" that one sees so often on post cards. There seems to be great veneration for the cat. I asked why they made such fierce-looking images at the gates, and the guide said "They were to

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represent strength and power, to keep away the evil spirits."

In one of the "sacred places" was the Emperor's horse named OHari. For a "sen" one could give him a handful of raw carrots, beans, corn, &c. The Cryptomeria trees were hundreds of years old and were a picture to look at. We climbed 400 steps to get to the top where the tomb of the Shogun was. At the side of the tomb was a lone candlestick and the form of the lotus lily. There was mist in the air and the showers had made the steps very slippery, so the conductor helped me, so that I might not fall. What an uplift spiritually as one looked upon those giant trees and felt the grandeur of the mysterious forces that were around us!

We saw The Iyemitsu Mausoleum, shoes off again! The interior was very elaborate. We had a glimpse of one of the priests. There are over forty priests in the shrines and temples in that section of Nikko. It began to rain so we had to use our umbrellas. We went inside another temple and watched a "sword dance" done by women in gorgeous red robes. They were very solemn about it. Then they did a dance using a jingle of bells

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and a fan. The bells were jingled over our heads and we were given some funny little cakes done up in paper. Perhaps this assured us of "good luck" on our way. This was another place where we had to take our shoes off. We got into the autos and left the temple section and went to the famous pawnbroker's shop.

This place is known all through the far East. While we were looking at scarves, squares, kimonos, tables, ivories, &c, there was a heavy thundershower, so we were fortunate to be under cover, still "seeing things" as the storm was going on. One of the ladies bought a fine ivory of the Kamakura Buddha. My purchases that day were mostly scarves and squares. At last we had seen enough, so the cars took us back to the Kanaya hotel. A good rest then dinner and some of the ladies wanted to go to the shops, but I had had enough for one day!

The next morning the cars and the guide came for us and we went to Kegan Falls. The scenery was beautiful and going to the Falls we had to go around 32 hair-pin curves. The rain had made it slippery so it was not any too safe! When we reached the top, the fog ob-

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scured the view of the Falls, so we went down in an elevator several hundred feet, then got out and walked along a path and finally saw a most beautiful fall, or rather several falls. The roar sounded as if a lot of "power" were going to waste!

A trip to Lake Chuzenji but the fog was so thick we did not dare to take the boat ride, for fear we might be obliged to stay on the water indefinitely. The ride back to the hotel was down the mountain drive, the way we had gone up, only the rain had made it more treacherous.

After luncheon our conductor went with a few of us to the shops. I insisted upon buying one of the big Japanese umbrellas. It cost less than fifty cents in our money. I had quite a thrill paddling along in the rain with my latest purchase. We found lovely lacquer boxes, and then went back to the pawnbroker's shop where I bought a carved table. The top is covered with leaves of the lotus carved in wood. When it was delivered to my room at the hotel, it was done up in a flat parcel, with a handle on the side so that it would be easy to manage. The table had been taken apart,

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and that seems to be the way they make them in Japan, for later I saw "nests" of tables and they could be taken apart and done up in a very handy package. We stored a lot of our things while we went to Korea and China. I tied my Japanese umbrella on the side of the table, and many a time on the way I wondered if my umbrella would be in the place I left it, when we got back and claimed our things. It was there all right, and speaks volumes for the honesty of the Japanese. When I landed in the good old U. S. A. I put my umbrella *inside* of my chest, not daring to risk it tied to the side of the table as it went by express across the country.

While we were at the hotel in Nikko, I looked out of the window and watched the men at work carrying loam in rope baskets. A large wing had recently been added to the hotel, so the grounds had to be enlarged proportionately. Evidently it was all planned out just where each tree and shrub was to be placed, for the color of the soil showed that some things needed a dark rich soil and others a light sandy soil. I am sure the grounds will be very artistic when finished. Nikko

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must be an ideal place when the weather is fine, and we were sorry to leave.

We started off next day by train and had another view of the fields and agricultural Japan. Our trip to Odawara took us back through Tokyo where we had to transfer to another depot. We had a very good luncheon in the station dining room. The train was pretty crowded but we all finally found seats. There were some very pretty Japanese women on the train. A couple sat opposite to me who looked very much like a bridal couple. The "bride" was pretty as a picture. She was well dressed and wore some really fine rings. On her feet were the native sandals and it was not long until she slipped them off her feet and cuddled her feet up under her. A woman who proved to be a radio artist was well dressed and had several servants with her. We left the train at Odawara and went in touring cars the nine-mile ride to Miyanoshita, where we had fine accommodations at the Fujiya Hotel.

The ride was up and up with mountain views on both sides. The attractions at the hotel were the fish-pond, the rockery, the waterfalls, the flowers, the

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trees, the white peacocks, and such a lovely place to roam around in. The view from my room was out on to high mountains. This was one of the most beautiful hotels in which we had stopped. Naturally we hated to leave!

III

Kyoto, Japan

SUCH a crowd as there was on the train when we got on at Odawara! We had a hard time to find places to sit down. I happened to land beside a man with a very long little fingernail. At one of the stations, where the train stopped, the people on the platform were there with boxes, bundles, and bags, and they put them through the windows to those occupying the seats. My seat mate was on the list and had a bundle put through the window to him. As we traveled along we saw the ocean, on one side, for some distance and on the other side were rice paddies, tea crops, and many things growing luxuriantly. The Japanese make use of every inch of ground. They are hard workers. As I sat watching the people, one old fellow slipped

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his kimono on, and without any ceremony slipped off some of his garments and then sat down to enjoy his cooler Japanese garments. The person who had been sitting with our conductor got off the train, so he came for me to sit beside him. I then watched my former seat mate get into his kimono and remove his other garments. The kimono was really a very good screen for the shifting of garments. The racks were filled to overflowing on both sides of the car. It was so hot we had a most uncomfortable trip, for we did not have room in which to relax even a little bit. We went in to the dining car for supper, but the service was so poor, we could eat very little. We arrived at Kyoto about nine-thirty, after a seven-hour train ride. How thankful I was for a room to myself and plenty of soap and water! It is wonderful what a good night's rest will do for one who enjoys travel.

After a good breakfast we each had a gay colored fan and parasol and got into jinrikishas and off we started to see the sights. Everywhere we attracted attention for we certainly made a picturesque procession. We went to a Shinto Temple and one of our party took

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some snapshots of us in the rickshas with the Temple for a background.

There were the usual stone steps to climb and when we went through "Tea Pot Alley" the shops were so very interesting we just had to stop and buy a few things. The whistling saki bottles were a great attraction. I think it was at Yokohama where I found a whistling saki cup to go with my bottle. The ricksha men took us to Chion-In Temple where we had to remove our shoes and put on the canvas slippers. I had been through the Temple before when I was on a trip around the world, but things seemed to be different. The hangings were not the same, and they were celebrating a different kind of worship.

A priest took us to see the whole place and "the nightingale" squeak was very much in evidence all along the passageway. That would make a place burglarproof for it would be impossible for any one to cross the floor without making the squeak. The boards are placed in a certain way in laying the floor.

The Big Bell was interesting and it weighs many tons. People of prominence who have visited it have

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their names inscribed in the roof over the Bell. Maryama Park covers a large area, and in the Park is a playground for children, as well as the large Temple and the Bell. When we came into the Park we had come from the side where there are a great many steps to climb. Our rickshas were waiting for us and took us to The Damascene Store where we saw the method of working on the different types of jewelry and novelties. The process of doing the fine chiseling on steel is very intricate. Of course we bought some pieces of it. My purchase was a set of card-place holders, each having a typical Japanese scene on it. We went back to the hotel along the stream where they were rinsing yards and yards of silks! It seemed as if they would ruin it, but they evidently knew what they were doing.

It was so hot we were glad to rest a while after luncheon.

A trip to the silk store showed such a wonderful array of beautiful coats, kimonos, and all kinds of lovely silk things. They were of such unusual designs and such good quality silks that I guess every one in the party invested in from one to three kimonos right

KYOTO, JAPAN

off. When we started back in the jinrikishas, we stopped at several places to find out about a "container" in which we could leave all our bundles while we were gone to Korea and China. Going about in a ricksha certainly is an easy way to get to places. A rest, dinner, a trip up to the roof to see the lights of the city.

The next day we went by autos to Lake Biwa. We went to a shrine where there were trees, rocks, bridges, and such a quiet restful place. We took the "cable" car at Sakamoto to go up Mount Hiei. It made me think of the trip up Lookout Mountain, at Chattanooga, Tennessee. There was a fine view of the surrounding country for miles. We made a few purchases then back down the cable to where we started from. A drive through the country brought us in sight of the Observatory of the Imperial University. Then more of the institutional buildings and more of the country life of the Japanese. Back to the hotel for luncheon and rest.

Late in the afternoon we went for a "Ceremonial Tea." This was in a part of the hotel specially equipped for the purpose, at the side of a lovely garden. Just as we were ready to go there came up a very heavy shower.

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We had to cross the garden so I went back to my room and changed my shoes, so I got there all right. As it was one of those affairs where we had to take off our shoes, what difference did it make what shoes we wore! We had to sit on cushions and while it is easy for the tiny Japanese, it was some problem for good sized husky Americans! There is a great deal of ceremony over making and serving "tea." As we sat doubled up on the cushions I venture to say that each one of us felt that she could make the "tea" and serve it and show as gracious hospitality, in about one tenth of the time. Time seems to mean nothing to the Japanese, while we do so many things, our time is more valuable. At the end of the "Ceremonial Tea" we were each given the small plate on which we had been served little rice cakes.

The "Tea" hostess then gave us a demonstration in arranging flowers. This is called a study of Ikebana, being founded on the principle of fidelity to Nature. The tallest stem of a bouquet expresses "Heaven," the next in length, "Earth," the shortest, "Man."

It was interesting to watch the development of the

bouquets, but, again, the amount of time that it took seemed out of all reason for what was accomplished. This was a case where we were looking at, and judging from the point of view of the Occident and they were looking at it from the Oriental ideas! The shower had cleared the air, so it was a better night to sleep. We had to be ready the next day for a seven-thirty breakfast, for we left by autos to go to a place where chairs had been reserved for us to see the gorgeous parade of the Dion Festival. The wait was a long one, but we were in the front row so we could see very plainly the huge cars that looked like pictures I had seen of the Juggernaut car! There were a number of men pulling the cars by long heavy ropes. The wheels of the cars must have weighed several tons! There were priests marching between the cars, and their robes were absolutely perfect, not a wrinkle or a blemish of any kind. They wore flat straw hats that were tied on, but some of the priests carried them to keep the sun off their faces.

In one car there were boys throwing bunches of greenery, tied up fancifully, which were supposed to

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take away evil spirits and bring one good health. I caught a bunch on the fly, as did others of the American party. In some of the cars were represented warriors of the Samurai. From the high top of some of the cars were hangings of the most exquisite embroideries. They were also on the sides and in the front. From the size and shape I imagine some of those embroideries find their way into museums, for I am sure I have seen such pieces and wondered just why they had been made as they were. The Festival was in celebration of a miraculous healing from a "plague" that had been amongst the people ages ago. It is celebrated twice a year and we were fortunate to be there at the time of celebrating in July.

We did not stay till the finish for our conductor had "passes" to take us through The Imperial Palace. The way we got out through the crowds to our autos was because of the clever work of the guide who had gone with us from the hotel. The Imperial Palace is where the coronation must always take place. The throne room for the Emperor and Empress were the only places of special interest. The buildings and the

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grounds are very large and well kept, but they were too severely plain to suit me. There was the same squeak in the floor that is called "the nightingale" floor at the Temple. We had to take our shoes off and wear the horrid felt slippers; they had a shoehorn about three-quarters of a yard long. Guess no visitor would attempt to take it for a souvenir.

We next went to the Nijo Palace. This was more like a palace. The ceilings were higher and were decorated in most unusual designs. One of them looked very much like the fine designs and colors of cloisonne. A young Belgian who had attached himself to our party said "it could not be cloisonne." I did not argue with him, but when one thinks of the patience and time that these people put into their work, what is more natural than that they should decorate the ceilings of the Shoguns' Palace with exquisite cloisonne work? The wood panels were carved to represent peacocks on one side and something different on the reverse side. This palace has not been occupied, I believe, since the downfall of the Shoguns in 1868. The garden had rocks from many different parts of the world. It was more

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attractive than the one at The Imperial Palace. In many rooms of the Nijo Palace there was gold paper on the walls on which were painted different subjects. Tigers, for instance, to represent power! At this Palace the shoehorn was not quite so long, and was colored differently. From here we went to see the weaving of silk tapestry.

The place looked dark and gloomy. The shuttles looked as smooth as glass, probably from the constant use for many years. We stood for a time and watched a man at one loom, and a woman at the other. The design was on a reel in Japanese letters, I suppose telling the number of threads to be used and the color of each thread. It is simply marvelous when one thinks of the beautiful brocades that are brought forth to be used in Obis, in draperies, in so many very lovely ways, the work of people sitting at the looms day after day, in dark unattractive quarters! There must be beauty in the soul to be able to make such beauty for others to see and enjoy!

What a grand time we had choosing the pieces we liked best, and then the short remnants to make up into

KYOTO, JAPAN

wonderful bags for Christmas gifts. Mine will give me joy for some time to come.

We had a great time getting our various purchases done up in packages to give to our conductor to pack in a "corry" to be sent to the ship when we come back from China.

We had to be ready for an early start in the morning so our breakfast was planned for six-fifty. It seemed to me that there were more shrines and temples in proportion to the population than in any other city. We had enjoyed Kyoto even though it had been hot most of the time. We went by train to Nara, where the park with 800 deer was our first sight-seeing trip. There were 3000 stone lanterns in that same park, and 1000 bronze lanterns.

We saw there, too, the largest Buddha. That image had features more of the African type.

IV

Shanghai, China

SHANGHAI is not like any other city that I have ever seen! We had sailed from Nagasaki where our accommodations were none too good, so we welcomed the comfortable rooms in the Astor House. The trip on the ship had been all right for some of us, but there were a few who were "among the missing" when mealtime came.

Our landing at Shanghai was simply "fierce." Why don't the ship's officers work out some kind of a plan that is comfortable for the passengers who have to show their passports? As it is now, it is a scramble and the biggest huskie gets through first. On the pier the "customs" were handled about as awkwardly as could be, so by the time I was ready to get into the auto to go

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to the hotel, I felt as if I had been knocked and banged by everyone on the pier. From all this the hotel seemed indeed a haven of rest.

The next morning we started out with a guide about nine o'clock. We rode along the Bund, which has on one side fine substantial buildings and on the other side the waters of the Whang Poo River. Of course we went along Bubbling Well Road, and we all got out to see the well. It "bubbled" all right but if it were cleaned out daily it would be a better place to "show" tourists. A ride on out through the city where we came to a shrine and temple that has been there 2500 years. The laughing Buddha and the fierce-looking images had been cleaned recently and had a new coat of paint and gilding, so they looked very fresh. In one temple there were a great many images that had on their heads funny little red caps. It seems the women come to pray to the god, to be given a son. When the baby arrived if it was a son, a new red cap was placed on the image. There were a great many images. Under a place where refuse was thrown, I noticed many faded red caps, that had, no doubt, served their purpose and

been discarded. A pagoda on the grounds must have been Lunghua. A trip through a convent where women and girls were making different kinds of lace. Suspended above the tables was a long flat arrangement that was used for a fan. Way down at the end of the room a girl was pulling a rope. This kept all the fans moving so every one was kept cool as they worked. Perhaps the girls took turns in pulling the rope and keeping the fans going. We went to see the babies that the nuns take care of. They are abandoned babies that are brought in to them from the streets or the fields. The nun said they had had about two thousand this summer. Many of them die because they have poor blood and no resistance to help them to battle their way back to being normal. Some of the little fellows about two years old were bright and cheerful. The small cribs were covered with netting and the whole place was very clean.

From the convent we went to a store where there were quantities of linens, laces, handkerchiefs, and hand-embroidered pieces of every size and kind. Each one was busy selecting the things that were most ap-

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pealing. The ride back to the hotel was through streets for which Shanghai is noted throughout all the world.

After "tiffin" we all met to go together to the famous silk store. Our conductor had engaged the "rickshas" and we all got in. There were eight of us so it was quite a procession. We had hardly started before one of the runners began jabbering away. Of course I did not know what it was all about until our conductor called out "get right down" and then a whole lot of Chinese that we could not understand. My runner was the one making the trouble so I soon got out and started back to the hotel. The men had agreed to take us for so much apiece, and as soon as we started they wanted double the amount. It looked as if the trouble was settled so we all got in the "rickshas" again. It certainly was a joy to hear our leader talk Chinese. He was such a big man, too, that the coolies had to step around lively. The guard at the hotel was a giant of an Indian, and he wore the "turban." It did not take him long to be rid of the troublesome coolie and call one who was anxious for the chance to take some one out. At last we were riding down the Bund as if nothing had hap-

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pened. We went to the wonderful silk store! Prices were so reasonable as compared with prices at home. There was so much and such a variety, it was confusing. I got my "bearings" and soon invested in some lovely pieces of silk, chiffon, and velvet. What a pleasure it is to look back on those experiences and as one thinks of them, it is the lovely part that one recalls for one does get woefully tired on the sight-seeing trips.

How we did enjoy the orchestral music at mealtime. Up to this time we had not had very good music, so it was more of a treat on that account. We were sitting in the lounge after dinner, when our conductor suggested that we go to see some shops just around the corner and get some idea of prices. Off we went and saw and priced "chests," ivories, mandarin coats, all kinds of embroidered things, in fact about everything that we had been wondering about. Later we found that it was as good a place to buy as any we saw.

A friend of our conductor came with his car, and we had another car, so off we started with our new guide. As his license to run his car was only for certain sec-

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tions of the city, we had to go along the river where there were junks, people, confusion and watermelons by the ton! There are so many concessions in the city that it is totally different from any other place. The British have their section, the French have theirs, the Chinese have theirs, the Japanese another section and so on. Each one has its own police officers. It is rather confusing to see the officers wearing different uniforms. The British have men from India who wear the turban. They are a good-looking lot of men, having especially fine shaped noses and brows. The French officers wear the blue uniform. It was no wonder that the man who was to be our guide could not have a license to run his car from all of the different concessions. He took us to see the buildings that had been bombed in the Chapei affair. The railroad station had been a two-story building but since the bombing it had been leveled off to a one-story structure.

We passed Japanese barracks where there were quantities of war machines, huge tractors that would plow through almost anything. The doors of the build-

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ing were not fully drawn down and we learned later that they were kept in readiness for instant action.

We rode through a section of country called Rubicon. There we saw a cemetery that had been well taken care of. The old markers had been cleaned and put in strong stonework for better preservation. While we were riding in an old section of the city, we stopped and went into a temple where incense was burning on all sides and many candles burning before altars. I watched a Chinese woman, quite well dressed, kneel on a cushion and in her hands she held a bunch of something that looked like joss sticks. These she shook and rattled then she got up and went to the desk and I think finally she lighted some candles to burn in memory of some loved one. On the same cushion I soon saw a man kneel and go through the same process of rattling something. There was a very large urn in which something was smoldering and we were told that it was paper money burning.

Our guide finally took us to his home. His wife was away on a vacation, but he wanted us to see his home and the Chinese furnishings. There were Chinese rugs

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on the floors. There were some wonderful antique lanterns lighted by electric bulbs. Some very ancient cabinets, and on the floor stood an "urn" which had contained "someone's body" for over 400 years. In his work of building, the excavations had brought forth not only the urn, but a choice piece that stood on the mantel, that had been of the Ming dynasty and at least 500 years old. Our host seemed glad to answer the long list of questions we dared to ask, because his wife might have felt that we were impertinent, but he was glad that we were so interested in things Chinese. He offered us "tea" but all we wanted was a good drink of water. The Chinese man brought it in bottles. No doubt the water had been boiled and then put to cool in the refrigerator. From there our guide took us through sections where there were palatial residences. On the stone wall in front of one place, there were huge dragons. The Stars and Stripes floated over a place that looked like a Chinese temple. One of the ladies in the party remembered that an American gentleman had bought an abandoned temple and had made it over into a wonderful home. There were those

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who envied the man his residence but they might have done the same thing had they possessed the originality to put the thing through. Our trip had covered about fifty miles and it had taken us to the unusual places.

A trip through the sights of Shanghai would be incomplete without a visit to the Chinese Native City. The streets are very narrow and the shops very small and very close together. When I went through them when I was on my world trip, it was not very clean; the Mandarin Garden is one of the show places. No doubt this was very unique when it was in its original splendor. The Willow Pattern Tea House with the crooked bridge across such muddy water, took away all the "romance" that had always surrounded the story of the "Blue Willow Ware."

One day we went to the shops "on the street of a thousand nities." Shop after shop of silk lingerie, with the fine handwork of the Chinese, made one wish for a well-filled pocketbook.

Each member of the party invested in a carved Chinese chest. It was quite a gala trip when we all went to see them. They had been ordered and when we saw

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them they filled up the aisles of the stores so full we had hard work to get around them. We made a choice and had our names put on them, and later they were sent to our rooms in the hotel. Another shopping trip was to the "rug" store. I have admired the Persian and Turkish rugs for years, and have a goodly number, so I thought I was "proof" against wanting any more rugs. As we looked them over I saw one with the design of the Torii against a neutral background, and the little people with a small donkey and even their shadows worked out in such lovely coloring and it was so typically Chinese, I fell for it, and two small ones besides.

It won't take much of an imagination to see that we were accumulating quite a good many souvenirs of our trip, and more trouble for our conductor to look after. With rugs, mandarin coats, linens, handkerchiefs, ivories, lacquer, china, and all kinds of things our chests were fast filling up.

I cannot leave Shanghai without telling of the wonderful Civic Center that they are building. China is very much awake and pushing ahead.

V

Hangchow, China

AFTER a wonderful time at Nanking, seeing so many places of interest we started by train at about eight o'clock A.M. We found our seats in the car very comfortable and so we settled ourselves to enjoy the views of the country along the way. This gave us a good idea of the rural life in China.

Early on our trip, we had seen the first stages of rice growing. The transplanting of the small green tufts that looked very much like grass. Now we were having an opportunity to see the rice being harvested. It is cut and tied in sheaves like bunches of wheat. They are much smaller than the sheaves of wheat. The color is a golden yellow. The one thing that "staggered" me was to see it standing on watery ground. To be sure, it

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had been planted in water, then transplanted in water, then cultivated while it stood in water, but I thought when it was harvested, it would have to be dried. Later, we saw it thrashed out by the old-time hand process.

As we rode along, we saw canals and streams on which were the Chinese boats with their picturesque sails, and these carried the rice crop to faraway markets. Across the country one could see the straw-covered shelters under which the workers could rest a little while away from the intense heat of the sun. Under some of these, we saw water buffaloes lying down resting. As the noon hour approached, one might see the workers, some on the backs of the water buffalo, going to the village for their noonday rest, and rice of course for their dinner. Everywhere people were *working*. Women as well as men.

We passed through Soochow on our way, and we were reminded of the time we had passed through on our way to Nanking. The hawkers on the platform had fans and rosaries which we purchased by the aid of our "conductor" who spoke Chinese as readily as we spoke English.

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Mrs. Milne has given graphic descriptions in her book "By Soochow Waters" of the old pagodas, old bridges, the old wall that surrounds the city and the grand canal that is such a wonderful waterway for the handling of the rice crop. How many times I wished that I might stop at some of the places and make water-color sketches. The quaint costumes, the buildings with the charm of the Chinese architecture, and the people, who, all unconsciously stopped to "gossip" perhaps in the most artistic groups, on the high-arched bridges, with nature's background of trees, flowers, and fields. Memory keeps the picture, but what a wonderful gift it would be to paint a pen picture so that others might visualize with the mind's eye, what we were privileged to see.

When we had gone farther south than Shanghai, we saw many more of the "coffin houses" in the fields. These are made during a man's lifetime, so that he may be sure where his body will rest awaiting the propitious time to be buried according to his "horoscope" and what the "stars" indicate. The "coffin houses" are small houses with a gable roof about the length and

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breadth of an ordinary grave. Perhaps if a man were unusually tall he would make his "house" in proportion.

We passed many places where there were "mounds" and "mounds" and the ruins of ancient graves that are fast crumbling. They say that even now the descendants come once a year to celebrate the worship of their ancestors. The fields of rice encroach so near I could but wonder if in time "the mounds" may not all be ploughed under. In the country and through the villages the people will hold to the old traditions much more tenaciously than in the cities.

We were on the train all day passing through many quaint and beautiful places until the foothills of the mountains began to appear and then a glorious sunset!

It was dark when we reached Hangchow. As we left the train, we heard such a din and noise, for each driver was yelling for his particular hotel. In one place where we had been, the men held placards with the names of their hotels written thereon and they were only allowed to point to the names. How much better that, than the pandemonium we heard. Our conductor

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had to go inside a hot stuffy room to show our passports before we could start to our hotel. Our ride through the strange city streets, with a driver who could not understand a word we said, made us a little nervous for the ride was so long.

At last, after going up quite a steep hill, we were landed at a place that was evidently the end of vehicular travel. A climb of at least fifty stone steps, and then we came to the entrance to the hotel. When assigned to our rooms, I found that I was still "higher up in the world." A good bed, after a hot bath, and a good night's sleep brought me to the beginning of a new day ready for further adventures. Little did I know what was in store for me. We all met at breakfast and were glad to learn that we could drink all the water we wanted, for the water supply was from an artesian well four hundred feet deep! Such clear pure water, and how we did enjoy it! When toast was brought it was *piping hot*, so we began the day with two things to be thankful for.

The trip planned for the day was to go in sedan chairs up into the mountains to see "Tea Valley." At first it looked as if the rain would prevent us from go-

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ing, but by nine o'clock we started. I wore a silk suit with jacket and sensible walking shoes, but I had left my rubbers in Shanghai, as well as my cape that had helped me out on so many occasions. We went down the steps which in daylight we saw were placed very attractively with plants and shrubs on each side to give a most artistic effect.

At the landing there were seven sedan chairs and three carriers to each chair. This was my first experience in a sedan chair, but I soon felt thrilled to have a trip so very different from any that I had ever taken before. Off we started making a unique procession as the "coolies" trotted along with a sort of rhythmic pace. It began to rain very gently and so the curtain in front had to be pulled up to keep out the rain, but I could peek out and see that we were going along the shore of a lake and at one cove were massed beautiful lotus lilies. The flowers and the foliage seemed more attractive in the rain. Farther along the pathway it looked very lonely. There was no road, simply a trail, so that we were obliged to be carried or walk. By this time the rain was coming down in heavy showers and it spat-

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tered in on my arms, my knees, and my feet. I recalled that I had overheard our guide say something about "ten miles." I began to wonder what condition I would be in by the time we had gone that distance if my clothing began to feel damp at the end of a couple of miles. I could not go back, so the only thing I could do was to stay "put" and get wet! Soon there were long stretches of stone steps. I could see the bearers ahead swinging along slowly and carefully as they made the turns and rise step at a time. How "spooky" it seemed to see the procession of chairs and to hear the shout or signal for the carriers to shift their burden. This was done with such good co-operation that the one being released got out from under the burden as the new one shouldered it, without missing a step and the rhythm went on uninterrupted. It poured in such torrents that the men had to carry umbrellas to keep from being blinded by the rain.

As we were carried up the steps, the motion was not unlike riding on a camel's back. Up in the hills we passed by old stone huts and some old stone monasteries. We soon found that the mountain streams were

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so swollen by the heavy rains that the crossings were difficult. The streams were very rapid and the carriers were in the water up to their knees. In places, the streams were running down the trails where the paths usually were. Each time that we were carried across the stream I simply held my breath and prayed that we might reach the other side safely. The current was so strong and the stones so slippery under the men's feet, I feared lest they might be carried away by the turbulent waters, or that some part of the chairs might give way so that there was not much "joy" in it as I watched eight men carry one chair over the stream. Before we had finished we had crossed the stream in eighteen places. At one place we stopped and went into "The Cave of the Rising Sun." In this cave there were many figures of Buddha carved in the stone of the walls. The carriers were so gallant in carrying our umbrellas over us whenever we got out of the chairs.

We were going through what is called "Tea Valley." Tea was cultivated all up the sides of the mountains. There were wild azaleas in bloom on all sides and our guide told us that they bloom all the year round.

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We saw the Chinese red cedar said to be the hardest wood growing. At one place where we had to cross the stream, I looked ahead and saw our "conductor," out of his chair, and walking along anxiously watching the carriers to see that they took us across safely.

We stopped at a cave where there was a "wishing well." Into this well we dropped pennies and if they landed safely in either one of the bowls at the bottom of the well, we were assured of good luck in getting our wish. I dropped four of the huge coppers and I am quite certain that two of them landed in the right place. Here there were more Buddhas cut in stone in the cave.

A stop was made at a monastery called Hsiao Ho Shain. This is a retreat where men may go for the weekend. The quiet grandeur of the place must be restful and the mountain air a tonic. Near this place I saw quite a large Buddha carved with a stone canopy over his head. It was very impressive and I called to the others so that they might not miss seeing it.

At last, the rain ceased for a time and we all got out of our chairs and walked a little way. One of the car-

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riers picked a fine bunch of the azaleas for me and also some of the little teaberries on a branch. Although I was soaking wet, I had the beautiful flowers to look at, and when we got back to the hotel, I divided with the others and each lady had one. Mine, I put in my water bottle in front of a mirror and so made my bouquet look twice the size that it really was. The next day when we started for the train, I wore them.

At one of the monasteries where we stopped, they had prepared "tea" and little cakes for us, but we had been so delayed by the many crossings of the streams, we could not stop to accept their kind hospitality.

Of course, with all the steps we had been carried UP, we had to be carried DOWN again. The guide warned the carriers to go slowly and be very careful as the going down was more dangerous than going up. Even with every precaution, one of the men fell and was so badly hurt, they had to send a chair back for him.

At one of the crossings where we were waiting our turn to be carried across the stream, I saw one of the men lose his balance and was carried down the rapids. He reached out in every direction for something to

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take hold of or in some way get a footing, which he finally did, but he came back with his hand bleeding.

I think that I was the heaviest lady of the party, but I got back safely, though very wet. I must confess that I prayed hard for the men every time we had to cross the water. On our way down the mountainside we saw a fine pagoda on which were many Chinese characters in black and gold. It must be a real pilgrimage for people to go way off up into the mountains to worship. There are certain times of the year that they leave their small huts and go to the great big "out-of-doors," and commune with nature! The soul must surely be blest in so doing.

Everywhere that we had seen shrines and temples I noticed that they were in a setting of nature's beautiful trees, rocks, and hills.

Tired and hungry we were glad to get back to the hotel and a good hot luncheon. Our guide said that he had never seen the trail in such bad condition from the rains.

While it was a wonderful experience, yet I am sure each one of us felt that it had been a dangerous one.

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In the afternoon we started off in autos with the sun shining to visit the tomb of Gen. Yao. This was quite elaborate and is visited by army officers who hold the highest positions in the army of China. There were many carved figures, one was especially fine of the laughing Buddha. In the memorial temple to Ling Yin there were four figures covered with gold, and the effect was to represent great wealth. On the terrace were crumbling marble pagodas.

Against a large fresco of small figures stood huge Kwan Yin robed in a long red satin cloak. There was a couchlike arrangement of frescoes with small figures, evidently in gold. This was in sections, each of which represented an episode in the life of the great Kwan Yin. They were all covered with glass to protect them from dust and possibly from too easy theft.

A visit to the "Gem Spring of Dancing Fish." These fish are said to be "sacred" and as no one is allowed to catch them, they grow to be very large. They looked like huge goldfish, but instead they were fat lazy carp! We saw the Chian Tang River, and passed by the Tiger Run Temple and also Six Harmony Pagoda. The latter

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was built on shore to propitiate the gods of the water. It is now used as a Geodetic station. It announces the arrival of the Tidal Bore in September sometimes twenty-two feet high. It also announced the alarm when Japanese troops arrived. There is a new bridge being built at this place and the work is in the hands of German engineers.

We stopped at other places, but it looked so threatening I did not get out of the car, I simply could not get wet again for we were leaving in the morning. The others told me of a temple where there were giant pillars of Oregon pine. These had been brought over and presented to them by Robert Dollar. They were so large and so hard to handle that it cost as much to get them placed as it would have cost to put in alabaster columns.

A trip to the fan factory of Wang Sing Kee, said to be the finest place in the world to buy fans, was our next stop. The car left us opposite one of the big front doors, and with my umbrella up I made a dash for the store and succeeded in getting in without getting wet. Such an array of fans! Large ones, small ones, some

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made of ivory, some of sandalwood, some of paper, and some of bamboo! The painted designs for decoration were most original. How busy we all were selecting fans to bring back to America for gifts and some for ourselves. In a pouring rain the autos took us back to our hotel. The avenue of trees along the lake shore drive reminded some of us, of the drive at Lucerne, Switzerland.

In the evening we sat in the lounge and listened to the proprietor of the hotel tell of some of the things that the city stands for. No public dance halls are allowed, no opium dens, and restrictions of that type should make for high types of living.

The younger generation of China are the leaders. Men who have graduated from the best of American colleges, men who have traveled, men who have visited all the great cities of the world.

Is young China awake? From what I saw I should say that she is very much awake. At the rate that they are "doing" things, it won't be long until they will put America to shame for the way things are being bungled in this country.

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I was sorry to leave such a wonderful city, but our schedule called for our departure by the morning train and so once more we found ourselves comfortably settled in the car seeing the country that had been too dark to see on our arrival.

Men were harvesting the rice and seemed to be whacking bunches of it against a circular screen. The straw from the rice is used in so many different ways. Thatches, shelters, in the gardens, &c. The people never throw things away the way we do in this country. For one thing, we throw away tons of tin cans, where the Chinese and Japanese would make dippers, cups, kettles, and all kinds of utensils of them. I would like to go back to Hangchow and stay a month.

VI

Nanking, China

WE ARRIVED at Nanking the middle of the afternoon and went by automobile to a hotel that looked, on the outside, like an old castle and rather forbidding. We rode through iron gates, set in a stone wall, into an attractive courtyard, where there were grinning stone images, flowers, plants, &c. There is a legend that cheerful faces, grinning lions in stone, are meant to give a cheerful welcome to visitors!

We were assigned to our rooms, then had "tea" and were ready for a trip about the city by auto. Nanking is a walled city, with the usual "gates." As our hotel was outside the walled city, we went through what is called "The North Gate," to enter the Capitol City.

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We rode along a wide boulevard, called the Bund, with evidences on all sides of the transition that is going on between the old and the new China. On both sides were the fine new buildings that have been erected within a period of five years. The wide boulevard was constructed primarily for the purpose of carrying the body of Dr. Sun Yat Sen over a suitable highway to his final resting place. All along the way are double and even triple rows of trees planted. In a few years there will be a beautiful shaded avenue.

At the sides of the new boulevard are sections of the old China with such tumbled-down ancient looking places. Old houses, with parts of rooms left where people are now living, show how very primitive the old was compared with the new. As I looked, all I could think of was a huge monster that had been lying dormant for ages, suddenly arousing itself and waking to new conditions, beginning to see things in the light of the progressive thought and was throwing off the "old" customs and manner of living and taking on the "new" ways of living.

There are wonderfully fine new buildings that are

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built along the lines of the Chinese Renaissance architecture. I am glad that they are keeping the crooked gables and fine curves of the old type and blending with it the modern improvements. There is the Ministry of Communications, "ornate within and without." In this building are handled the systems of telephones, telegraphs, navigation, &c.

There is the Ministry of the Navy, the Ministry of Railways, the Ministry of War, &c. Since Nanking became the capitol in 1928 many of the big projects for the government have been established there. The Supreme Court of China is there. One sees soldiers everywhere on the streets. China is drilling the youth and soldiers very thoroughly in spite of the reports that they have a straggling army of bandits.

As we went by train from Shanghai to Nanking, there were soldiers and police at every station and they were not standing there like "dummies" either, for their guns were ready and the finger of each soldier was on the trigger ready to fire on the instant. This was not the case as we came back, so we wondered why? It was suggested that they may have feared that the

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"bandits" would try to interfere with the many tourists who were seeing the country!

There is a fine new hotel that has been built by the "China Travel Service." Nanking University has many fine buildings. This was established and sustained by Christian missionary organizations. I believe the government has taken over the agricultural department and are doing a fine piece of work in finding better seeds, for better crops, better handling, &c. Ginling College has a beautiful campus and fine buildings. There are only a few first-class colleges in China for women, and this is one of them. The road leading to the College is very narrow, with walls on both sides. There is a project on foot to put a wide street through in front of the College grounds. For this purpose they "took" some of the valuable land for which they paid only a song. The graft and politics in China seem to be as bad as it is everywhere else in the world. One of the promising things of new China is that the women are having a chance to take their proper place in affairs. American women take their many blessings for granted and soon forget to be thankful that they live in a

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Christian land. I simply could not get used to the idea of all kinds of work going on, on Sunday, same as every day of the week.

When we went to visit the Ming Tombs, we had to climb more and more steps. The buildings were very old and we had a chance to buy post cards of places of interest of what is called the National Memorial Region. The probable place where the Mings were buried is a huge mound covered with a forest of trees. One approaches the tombs through a double line of huge stone figures. The human figures are all of super-human size. Further along are huge stone figures of animals, horses, lions, camels, and elephants in pairs. There were two of each kneeling, then two standing. These stone images are about 500 years old.

President Lin Sen, the chief executive of China, has had built some modest rooms within the old ruined garrison tower of the Tang dynasty. Here he retires from the active duties of official life, for a little quiet and rest. Our guide had the entree to this quiet summer retreat and so she took us inside. It was a real treat for we saw everything even to the small kitchen. The place

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had been built within the old arches of stone and a huge column rested on the back of a stone turtle. I believe the turtle is the insignia of royalty.

We next went to see the wonderful monument to Sun Yat Sen. It is against the side of the mountain, white and beautiful. We started to go up the long concrete walk that led to his final resting place at the top. There are 400 steps with long stretches of concrete between the groups of steps. I started to go, but the heat overhead was intense and the sun beating down on the concrete reflected more heat, so I decided that it was the better part of wisdom to go back to the auto, which I did. Others soon followed, and no one in the party was able to go more than halfway up. The mausoleum was completed in 1930 and was said to cost \$3,000,000. It is one of the three greatest mausoleums in the world. On a hill stands the "White House" of China erected by the National Government. It was so palatial the president refused to live in it. I believe it was offered to one of the great generals to live in, but he refused for the same reason. So it stands a monu-

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ment to the foolishly spent money of the people, and *no one* lives in it!

On one of the peaks of Purple Mountain, stands the Astronomical Observatory. This has the largest telescope of the reflectoscope type in Eastern Asia. The military authorities forbid the public to visit the place. We traveled on in the Memorial Region of "Spirit Valley." We saw a fine pagoda, some memorial tablets, &c. We passed a group of boys, in uniform, who were out on a hike and drill. On the side of the mountain is the International Golf Course and Club-house. We stopped for a rest and a cool drink and look back over the places of interest where we had just been.

In the distance was the school for the sons and daughters of the Revolution. Only the boys or girls who have lost father or brother on some battlefield in the service of the country are eligible to admission. General Chiang Kai Shek is the head of this institution and Madame Chiang is head of the one for girls.

As we rode past the stadium, I was amazed at its size and how "up-to-date" everything is, the new China

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is athletic. Such fine tennis courts and basket ball field. America will have to step lively to keep up the pace that new China has started. All along the route that leads from the monument to Sun Yat Sen back through the city, are wide walks, trees, and all the finish that means a very "up-to-date" city.

A short cut took us through a street where the old China was living in hovels and dirt, with naked children along the way and people, people everywhere. They were carrying on as their great-grandfathers had done. The new regime has brought with it politics, graft, &c, but is it any worse than America?

Nanking is well lighted by electricity. The street noises keep up until very late at night. For a few hours it is comparatively quiet then very early, the waking sounds begin. In the quiet gray of the early dawn one may see silent figures trotting along, alone, as if headed for the day's work. One is impressed at every turn with the way every one is working! The amount of man labor that is put into every kind of a venture is almost beyond belief.

Near the hotel there was a big piece of grading and

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construction work going on. At daybreak the coolies came in line pushing the cars filled with loam or gravel. It was an upgrade for some distance and it meant muscular pushing to keep the cars moving. The men worked in kind of a rhythm. When the highest point was reached the men hopped on to the cars and coasted for some distance. The cheery sounds told that this was a happy part of their work and when they returned with "the empties" they did not look at all as if life were a grind. These coolies wore scant clothing and their muscles looked like athletes and they were the color of bronze. These men worked for a small wage. They lived in the poorest quarters, their food consisted of rice, and their clothing was a small item.

New China is putting in a sewer system and a water system. Lights they already have, and their school system is picking up. Our own missionaries have been the great pioneers for education, but book knowledge is not enough. They must have the "spiritual" growth with it. Many are giving up the beliefs of old China. This comes first of all to those who live in the cities. There must be something better to take the

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place of the old. What can be better than a renewed effort to give them Christianity?

We made a stop at one of the banks where we were served "tea." The man who took our checks to cash was gone such a long time we began to wonder if he would ever come back. He did finally come with the Chinese money that we needed. Our guide then took us through the bank to show us where the employees could spend their leisure time. Such beautiful rooms and really luxurious in all its equipment! I have seen nothing like it in America.

A trip to the tapestry factory was full of thrills, if one can judge by getting rid of all one's money! The looms are the old hand looms that have been used for ages. The place is dark and gloomy and I cannot imagine how such beautiful weavings in silks of such exquisite colorings and designs come out of such a place. I had what one might call a riotous time choosing table runners, pillow covers, banners, and last but not least some blue and gold tapestry by the yard for draperies in my dining room. Even though I had just come from the bank, I had to borrow to pay for my

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extravagance. Nanking tapestries can not be bought every day in the week! I am not sorry for getting in so deep, for the things that I brought home with me are such a joy!

We saw the ruins of an old Confucian Temple, that looked as if the worship was very much in the discard. This was a very old section of the city and people were living in hovels.

We had seen so much we were glad to get back to the hotel for a quiet rest in our rooms.

VII

Singapore, Malaya

As WE sailed along on the China Sea, we were in sight of the East Indies. One could imagine so many things of the people living on those Islands! We were getting down pretty near to the Equator. One night we were out on deck, after dinner, looking at the stars. The constellations had been changing from those with which I was familiar in New England. We were thrilled to have Bishop Lee point out the "Southern Cross" and also the "False Cross." The "False Cross" is really brighter and plainer than the "Southern Cross."

The loading and unloading of the freight carried on the ship was a constant surprise. That was really educational. Soon after we docked the "natives" ap-

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peared on the pier, and each spread his cloth on the pier, and began to arrange his wares. As one stood on the deck of the ship, looking down, it was fascinating to see so many Oriental things. It was not long until we walked up and down on the pier to ask prices, and perhaps bargain for some of the things.

There were furs, embroideries, silks, carved elephants, post cards and things too numerous to mention. We were met at the pier and were taken for a trip through the city. The Oriental people of every description were on the streets of Singapore. "Rickshas" everywhere but they are being rapidly replaced by taxis. We made a stop at one of the Cathedrals, and went through it, for one of the ladies in the party wanted to attend services there the next day, Sunday.

We passed many beautiful residences on our way to the Botanical Gardens. Such orchids! So many varieties and in such profusion they seemed almost common. The maidenhair ferns were mammoth. The tropical trees and shrubs were a joy everywhere that we saw them. Our guide had stopped at a fruit stand and bought some small bananas. At the sound of the honk,

honk, of the horn, there appeared as if by magic monkeys of every size and age, from behind the trees and shrubs.

One of them had a tiny wee baby monkey on her back, but she was afraid so darted back into the shelter of the trees. The fur of the monkeys was a soft gray about like our gray squirrels. It was very interesting to watch them take the bananas and peel them and sit there and nibble away as unconcerned as could be.

We went over the new Johore Causeway, across a long bridge to Johore. The celebrated mosque stands on a hill overlooking the Malay Straits. We saw the white turrets long before we reached the building itself. We looked into the "pool," where the faithful perform their ablutions before going into the temple for worship. The public are not allowed to enter the Mosque, because one time some "marines" were going through it and showed disrespect in some way, so it has since been closed to visitors. The Mosque is beautiful in itself, and is wonderfully situated. The sun was shining down on us and it was so hot we sought the shelter of the shady places as we looked into the

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Mosque. How immaculate it was and so exquisitely made! The people of the Orient spend so much time on things that they do, they are always well done. They are not in such a rush about everything as we are.

The Sultan's Palace is built on a magnificent scale. As we rode through the grounds we saw a wide stairway with walls at either side covered with vines. This stairway led from the grounds to the ballroom. In imagination I could see the guests, in their gorgeous robes climbing the stairway for some social affair and the mingling of the colors would make a picture long to be remembered. An elaborate home near by was that of Prince, the Sultan's son. The Sultan has five wives. One English, one Chinese, one Malay, and the other two were of the different tribes or peoples. The Sultan spent much time in London with his English wife, so perhaps she was his favorite.

Everything about the village looked so clean. Clean shops, clean schools, and clean streets. We saw the native huts along the edge of the water, as we started back to Singapore. These looked like pictures that I had seen in *The National Geographic Magazine*. We

passed large rubber plantations where there were thousands of trees. The trees were tapped with a downward stroke, from right to left, diagonally. A cup, about the size of a large coffee cup was hung so that the liquid rubber dripped into it. This is white in color and about the consistency of paint. As we passed by the rubber factories the odor was pretty "fierce." We saw natives everywhere. The roads were fine and in places they were constructing new roads. These were as substantial and well built as our own roads in America. The day was hot, but riding we had a good breeze and enjoyed the trip. It seemed good to get back to the ship for luncheon.

In the afternoon we went to the shops. What a riot of fine things there were to tempt us. One thing that I bought for myself was a handsome black satin kimono on which were heavily embroidered chrysanthemums in soft beautiful colors. For a gift, a lovely melon-colored kimono with flowers painted in lovely designs and colors. I had also a nest of baskets, a Chinese parasol, a fan, some cross-stitch luncheon sets, &c. When we got back to the ship we were tired but very happy with our purchases. Hot, I should say so!

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The next morning, being Sunday, my roommate and I, and a lady who wished to join us, took a taxi to go to the Mission Church that we had been told about. The driver did not quite understand where we were going, so we had quite a trip riding around before we finally reached the Mission Church. On the way we saw a Chinese funeral. This was so different from anything at home we were curious to see the fantastic array of flowers, with a band in attendance, and the Oriental custom of following on foot, to the strains of music. The flowers were artificial and no doubt had been in use at many other funerals.

The Mission Sunday School was very interesting. There were classes for all ages. The attendance was about five hundred. The building that had been put up for the work, with plans for normal growth had soon become too small. Every available space was in use. We were taken about by a young Chinese woman who spoke good English and could tell us many things that we wanted to know. The "kindergarten" had tiny tots and they were singing "Jesus Loves Me This I Know" in their faint little voices. The Bible was very much in

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evidence. All classes were busy with their lessons. One class of boys, of the ages of fourteen and fifteen years, were seated around a table and their open Bible before them and their teacher at the head of the table. There was real Bible work going on and it did my heart good. The pastor was teaching a "men's" class of about seventy-five members. Again, each one had his Bible and the pastor was giving them instruction about what it would mean to join the church and live the Christian life. There were some quite old men in the class who were eager to learn and the Bibles were read in English as were all responses and references, so there must have been good instruction for some time for those men to be able to do that. There was a good sized women's class, but that was in Chinese. All the women had their hair done up in the same kind of a knot. They wore a long hairpin with three balls on the end of it, and that was put through the knot from top to bottom. I am guessing that the three balls meant that they were married. The Chinese girls wore the high neck dress, the coat and pants of gay-colored material, the real Chinese costume. The young men all

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wore white suits. Everyone was so immaculate they looked as if they had just emerged from a laundry.

The young woman who had shown us about called the church car and sent us to see the San Sofia School, that is being started in what was once a fine old residence. This is a school for girls. The beginnings show the promise of a fine work for girls, as the project progresses. We saw the residence of the Bishop. We were back at the church in time for the closing exercises of the Sunday School, when all the classes assembled for the singing. It was a fine sight. Since my return home have heard a missionary, who had spent many years in Malaya, tell that they were not allowed to talk to any of the Mohammedans about being Christians, but they were free to talk and work with the poorer Chinese. That explained to me why we saw so many Chinese in that Sunday School. As Singapore is in Malaya, the services were conducted in Malay that morning. They sang the hymns familiar to all churchgoers. They sang in Malay, and we sang in English. I soon caught on to the pronunciation. I sang the last verse of the hymn in Malay. The preacher directed his

attention specially to a group of men in the congregation who were getting ready to join the church. He was very much in earnest and he saw that we were listening very attentively, so every once in a while he put in a sentence in English so that we could follow what he was saying. This helped out wonderfully. This was a fine piece of work that was being done and was the first thing that I had seen to make me feel at all encouraged about "missions." The field is so enormous and the workers are so few compared with what they should be, that it seems as if it would take hundreds of years to make any impression. The wonder to me is that there are any men or women who are willing to take their lives in their hands, to give freely all that is in them, for the sake of telling about Christianity. The climate is so different, the people are so different, the customs are so different, and the language is so very different. Then, too, the wall of superstition and opposition is so very strong, I am overwhelmed when I have heard from missionaries themselves some of the things that they are "up against." How we should appreciate all that is being done by those who

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have taken to heart the message, "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature." The least we can do is to give our money, and the thing that helps the missionaries the most is to know that they have our prayers. That Sabbath day in Singapore will never be forgotten! When we came out of the church, we were surprised to find the taxi driver who had brought us to church. We needed a taxi, so we had him take us to the Sea View Hotel for luncheon. As the work of loading and unloading the cargo on the ship goes on, on Sunday, same as week-days, we had planned to be away from the ship the most of the day.

A large quantity of rubber was put on the ship at this port. The Sea View Hotel had a wonderful "lounge" and a fine orchestra. Listening to fine music in such a delightful place gave us a good chance to relax and watch the people coming and going. A man in the flowing oriental costume and turbaned head was going about to the different people showing them unset stones. He carried his gems in a flat case that he could tuck away quite easily in the folds of his robe. I had heard many years before of the Ceylon sapphires,

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rubies and other stones but I never dreamed that the time would come when I would be there and see the unset gems, myself! The Orientals are very suave and gracious and ask you about three times the price that they will eventually take for a stone. If one paid their price without the usual bargaining, I am sure they would feel rather disgusted, for the getting together on a price is what makes a thrill out of a sale.

When I was on my Mediterranean trip I learned some of the tricks and I must say that I got a lot of pleasure out of the bargaining. Later on one gets real fun in thinking about the purchasing of the bargains. When one offers so little for a thing, and then sees the "acting" that goes on as a result, and how they come down a little at a time and try to wheedle the amount from you, and at last when you go off and leave them and they have lost the sale, they follow you and thrust the thing at you at your own price! As long as you know that they have asked too much in the beginning, your conscience does not suffer any pangs of remorse.

We had plenty of time, so we were very leisurely

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about our luncheon. It was so hot and noisy back at the ship, we stayed until late in the afternoon before taking a taxi back to our home, for the ship was certainly like home to us. We were tired and were glad to have dinner and get to bed. That night a number of the passengers slept on the upper deck it was so hot. Our electric fan was going all night. In fact we kept it going most of the time from Manila to Suez.

The next morning our guide was on hand to take us for another sight-seeing trip. Our ride took us some distance into the country. We saw a rubber factory. The milk-white liquid, as it comes from the cups where it has been dripping from incisions in the trees much as maple sap comes from trees in our New England woods, was put in "vats" about the size of our set washtubs. This liquid was left to "set" a given length of time until the process had made the rubber look like a big batch of bread dough. I felt like taking a chunk of it in my hands and working it in my fingers like putty. Of course that was impossible! Then there were processes by which it passed from one stage to another until it was made into sheets. These sheets are soft and

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white and are ready to be packed to be sent to all parts of the world. We saw women in the packing room fixing the sheets in perfect condition to be shipped. Rubber and tin are the big exports from Singapore.

The ride was a pleasure for we were cool from the breeze of the car's motion. We made a visit to the home of a man who had made quite a fortune in a "patent medicine" he had put on the market. The home was large and well built, and it had many wonderful things in it, but the effect of it all was really a hodgepodge. On the lawn in front of the house were images of every kind of animals one could imagine. There was even "the little pig who went to market." In large wire cages were peacocks, parrots, and fancy pigeons, &c. Inside the home were chairs and tables of beautiful woods and on the floors were fine Chinese rugs. In one of the rooms there was a frieze of carved ivory birds framed in round frames. In the dining room was a long banquet table. In the center of the table was a most unusual piece of carved horns on a pedestal with flower vases in between the horns. The large cabinets along the side of the room were filled

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with choice silver pieces of exquisite workmanship. In a place of honor were huge ivory tusks with many Buddhas carved on them. This was a marvelous piece of carving. There were well-planned passageways from the house into the grounds and to the wire cages.

The next place that we visited was the Raffles Museum. A man named Raffles was the founder of Singapore. There is a fine monument to his memory in one of the public squares. There is a Raffles' Hotel, and a Raffles' Library, and several buildings named for him. In the Museum there were fine exhibits of the weaving done by the tribes of Borneo, Sumatra, and other sections. There was quite a collection of the weapons used by the tribes in their early history. The headdresses and jewelry and ornaments were very elaborate and showed great skill. The mounted birds, animals, and reptiles were different from any that I had ever seen. The reptiles were so enormous, and at least thirty feet long and more; I decided that a man would have no show at all if attacked by one of them. No wonder they are so dreaded! We went back to the

ship for luncheon, and were all through with our guide.

In the afternoon my roommate and I went in a taxi to the shops. She went to a "beauty shop" for a fresh "wave" and I sat and read, while waiting for her. Then we got into a "ricksha" and went to do some errands for things were so lovely and so cheap. The luncheon sets done in "cross-stitch" with the doylies to match, the long narrow purses with a gay tassel dangling from them, the silks, the fans, the carved things all were so tempting and we had to always think ahead to the time that we might have to pay "duty" to get them home. The ricksha men followed us around hoping to get the chance to take us back to the ship.


Another hot night and in the morning light showers. We were sailing at noon so the "natives" on the pier were anxious to sell all that they could and I think everyone from the ship strolled along the pier to take a last look at the wares, and perhaps find a "bargain." I fell for an ebony elephant, and had it in my state-room the rest of the trip and that is one thing that I brought home that I have kept for myself.

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How glad we were when our good ship got out into the fresh breezes of the ocean! We stayed on deck all the afternoon. When night came and we could sleep, how refreshed we were. Our memories of Singapore will be treasured as the years go by.

VIII

Penang

UR itinerary says that "Penang is located on the Prince of Wales Island, off the mainland of the Malay Peninsula." The view of the Island as we neared it was very beautiful. The mountains, the lovely coloring, the reflections in the water made it look like a gem set down by the sea. It grew much warmer as we neared land. The pilot came on board as usual, but we had to wait for a ship to pull away from the pier before we could land. This was one place where our "guide" was not on hand to meet us. Some of us began to be anxious about our shore trip, so we started on a hunt. We found a man who was supposed to represent our guide, but he was not up to the mark of service that we had been having. We

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were put into a large auto, and off we went. The driver did not tell us about things that we were seeing. We passed many beautiful homes with tropical trees and shrubs in the grounds, making a fairy paradise in which to live. Our ride into the country followed the line of the beach. The cocoanut trees were all along the way. They were so tall and so large they must have been growing for ages. At the side of the road were huge piles of cocoanuts. We exclaimed and exclaimed but soon ran out of words to express our surprise and wonder at what we were seeing.

The huts in the small villages were on "stilts" as we had seen them in Malaya. This was partly on account of the ventilation and partly on account of snakes and other wild animals. The road wound about in sharp curves along the mountain. As we neared a curve, the driver would step on the gas, and we were bounced about in such a way that I had to hang onto the side of the car to keep from being thrown onto the floor of the car, or being thrown out of the car altogether. There was no footrest against which one can usually brace one's feet, so that while we were seeing the

beauties of nature we were enduring the hardships of a poorly equipped car, and a very poor driver. The palm trees were so tall, the villages were very shady. In the villages as we passed through, the huts were kept as the natives would naturally keep them, but in the midst there would usually be one with pretty draperies at the windows and all about the place would look so nice and well kept, that I wondered if perhaps it might be occupied by a missionary! This would be a constant reminder of how it would be to fix up the home and make it more attractive. There were miles and miles of cocoanut groves! At last we stopped at a temple. There was a broad stairway that led up to the temple, situated in the midst of tall cocoanut palms. The location was ideal! This was the *Snake Temple*. The whole front of the Temple was open, so I stood and looked in. I had been told that sometimes these sacred snakes dropped on one's shoulder from the beams or rafters or vases! On the altar were huge vases in which incense was burning. On a circular wire rack were green colored snakes all coiled up, evidently enjoying the fragrance of the incense. In the Temple

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there seemed to be many different kinds of snakes.

A small boy took us to see two huge snakes in a cage. I think they were python. In another cage by itself was an enormous snake. The Temple was decorated with carved grotesque figures. At one side of the Temple was a large bell. Perhaps when the bell was struck, it called the people together for worship. At Singapore, a lady told us that they dope the snakes, so perhaps they were so doped they could not harm any one. Possibly the bell was sounded to keep the gods awake, or to waken them from sleep. I thought that I had known something about the people in foreign lands, but I had no idea of the ignorance and the superstition. The authorities will not interfere with religious services even though they keep up a constant din to waken their gods.

A lady who came from Singapore said that she and her husband took an apartment that was not far from a temple, but the noise day and night was so bad they had to move. After we left the Snake Temple, we had a fine ride through beautiful country until we arrived at the Botanical Gardens. Again we saw them feeding

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the monkeys. In Penang, the fur of the monkeys was redder on their backs than the ones we had seen in Singapore. Such wonderful trees loaded with such quantities of red blossoms. The flowers grew so luxuriantly that everywhere they were in profusion. We saw Chinese temples and also mosques. So many types of religion are rather confusing. In front of one of the fine residences, we saw the family having their evening meal out on the lawn. It looked so attractive and inviting. A trip through the business section of the city gave us a look at the shops, markets, &c. Once more it was like getting back home to be on the ship and in our staterooms.

The outstanding thing about loading the ship at Penang was the putting on board the bars of tin. All along the pier, piled up evenly, were bars of tin. Each bar weighed one hundred pounds. There were two men to place these bars on a rack that had wheels on it. Four bars were placed on a rack. This was pushed by a man to the side of the ship. A heavy chain was placed on the pier and onto this chain were placed sixteen bars of tin (1600 lbs.). The chain was securely fas-

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tened around the bars, then the huge arm of the derrick swung them out over one of the hatches, and down it went into the "hold" where men released the chain to go back and go through the same process many, many more times. Beside the cargo of tin there was a large quantity of rubber and large blocks of granite. It never ceased to be a mystery to me how such large quantities of freight could be put on board the ship.

The next day after the sight-seeing trip just described, I was so tired I sat in the "lounge" and watched the people. Soon there came on board a man all dressed in white linen, and he began showing unset stones. He seemed to have no end of pockets, for he would produce new stones from most unexpected places. He even used his belt to tuck away his gems. My souvenir from him was a topaz ring. The stone is very clear and good color. Before we sailed at noontime, we went down on to the pier and bought some post cards. There again was a glass counter filled with unset stones. I have since regretted that I did not buy a pair of topazes that would have made a lovely pair of earrings. I

suppose the color of those stones will haunt me to the end of the chapter!

Again we were glad to be out on the ocean. It was so pleasant to be in our deck chairs. Several of the ladies had their sewing and I too was busy. We had bought some real bargains in silk, so had something interesting to work with. It is surprising how much one can accomplish that way! No telephone calls, no newspapers, no interruptions and plenty of time to do what one pleases. I love the life on the ocean so much that I cannot help wondering at times, if some ancestor way back, might have been a sea captain!

IX

Colombo, Ceylon

IT was the middle of April, and the air was fine. We were up at five-thirty to have coffee on deck, for we were to land early at Colombo. The harbor was about the most beautiful one that we have seen. The ships, the tugs, and the small boats bathed in the early morning sunshine, with the soft dreamy clouds overhead, made everything seem charmed as we saw our first picture of Colombo. A stone jetty ran a long distance out into the harbor. A strong, clean-looking lighthouse stood guard to show mariners which way to go. As we were looking, looking, there came the early call to breakfast. Our staterooms had to be locked as we had been warned of ship thieves. Our passports were shown and our "landing cards" were

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ready when the guide who was to escort us for the day's trip came on board. We had to go ashore on a "tender."

When we landed I noticed that one of the gentlemen from the ship was at a desk on the pier, getting some money changed, so I went up to the desk and had my money changed into "rupees." Soon we were seated in the auto ready to start for a wonderful trip. The driver told us that by the time we returned, the shops would be closed, so that if we wanted anything we had better get it right away. As the other ladies in the car said nothing, I sung out "Elephants." The driver took us to a first-class place and the sign at the entrance to the store was an elephant's leg! When we entered the store we saw elephants of all kinds and sizes. Shelves and shelves filled with them and showcases filled with carved ivory ones. After looking them over, I bought six, but I have wished since that I had brought home a dozen, for they proved such acceptable gifts.

I ventured on buying a Ceylon ruby. They placed it between coppers and stepped on it to prove that it was genuine.

COLOMBO, CEYLON

The ride through the city gave us many things to look at that we had known previously from pictures. One thing was the "bullock" carts. They have such peculiar tops that extend way out in front and also out at the back. These carts were evidently coming to market with vegetables, with fruits, with wood, and in fact all kinds of things. The natives wore a peculiar garb that looked like a piece of gingham tied around their waists. They were bare to the waist and brown as bronze. The men were very hairy. In fact we saw several men wearing their hair long.

As we rode along we passed the law buildings. The signs of the lawyers were on the lattice that enclosed the entrance to the building. The buildings were well built for Colombo is owned by the British.

The driver stopped and some sorry-looking men came along beside the car, and after some talk in a language that we could not understand they went to a pond near by and got some "lotus lilies." Of course they were after a "tip." The lilies were beautiful but I noticed white spots on the hands of one of the natives, and could not help wondering if it might not

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be leprosy, it took from the pleasure of the flowers.

The car sped along and we had a nice breeze of our own making and the top of the auto kept us from the heat of the sun. My smoked glasses protected my eyes from the glare. The road was as fine as our own good roads in America. We saw the natives at work in the rice "paddies." The fields are laid out in circular terraces. They are irrigated from water that comes down from the mountains.

We stopped at a show place to see elephants, snakes, birds, and other animals. One of the elephants did some very good "stunts" for us. The residence was palatial, and surrounded by tropical flowers. Never can I forget the luxuriant flowers and shrubs! So many blossoms that were unfamiliar to me. So many gorgeous varieties, some delicately colored and some with such vivid coloring. There were a number of the old stand-bys that we have at home, but so large and luxuriant. The air in the island of Ceylon must be like that of our hothouses, for things grow in such a riotous manner.

There were many small villages along the way. The

native huts looked pretty clean but bare of furniture. The question of doing the morning dusting would mean a minimum of energy. At about every hut there was a bamboo couch on which someone was having a rest, although it was not later than nine-thirty or ten o'clock in the forenoon. I had been told that this drive of seventy-two miles from Colombo to Kandy was one of the most beautiful in the world. I was so enraptured with the marvelous trees all the way, I soon ran out of words to express my delight. Our adjectives did not seem to do justice to what we were enjoying. We saw the caribou (water buffalo) wallowing in the mud. They say that the milk from the cow caribou is very rich. They are immune to tuberculosis. They must have the water and the mud to work in or they die. The ride was interesting all of the way.

Our first view of Bible mountain told us that we were gradually going higher and higher. The mountain looks like a huge book laid on top of one of the peaks. Glimpses of the valleys showed lovely stretches of fertile fields. We saw places on the hillsides where

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"tea" was growing. Many, many times on the way we saw elephants. They are used for heavy labor.

A visit to a tea factory, or whatever it is called, was on the list of our sight seeing. We entered a large building something like a warehouse, and saw girls sitting on the floor, each with a pile of tea beside her, and from which she was picking out the little sticks that had gotten into it while the gathering was in process. This was shaken and put into oval baskets. The tea leaves are green and are put on racks where they are left a certain number of hours to dry. Then they were fed into a circular copper plate that moved back and forth over the leaves. This was the finishing process of fixing the tea. There was a large room in which the tea was sorted. They even save the tea dust, and find ready sale for it. The packing room was filled with boxes all ready for shipping to all parts of the world. I paid a "rupee" a pound for their very best tea. This was well wrapped in tin foil, and so was easy to take care of in my trunk.

From the tea factory we went to the city of Kandy situated among the hills. The Suisse Hotel, a most at-

tractive place, was where we had our luncheon. One might be easily tempted to spend some time there. The luncheon looked very appetizing but I ate very sparingly for fear I might eat something that would have foreign "germs" in it. There was a fine shop filled with many lovely things and such unusual curios.

The visit to the Temple of the Sacred Tooth was different from anything we had seen. The Temple is very old, some doors with carving in stone were said to be a thousand years old. In many parts of the Temple there were altars on which were placed quantities of fragrant flowers. Of course I wanted to see "The Tooth," one of Buddhas I believe, but we were told that it is shown only at Christmas time. What Christmas has to do with the celebration of "The Tooth" is a mystery to me. The handles of the doors opening into the "holy of holies" and other sacred places were wonderfully wrought and covered with gold. Some of the pillars were carved and overlaid with gold. The architecture of the Temple was most unusual. There were a number of candles burning on the many altars. For three years they have been at work on a new temple. This

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adjoins the old temple, and will be very elaborate when finished. Another place that we stopped was the most wonderful Botanical Garden and Experimental Station. There were acres and acres of trees different from anything that I had ever seen. I remember one in particular that had blossoms like large pink-tinted orchids. These flowers were on the tree from the lowest branches up to many of the high limbs. They were very generous and gave each one of us some of them. There were rows of trees along the driveways that had been so well cared for and trained that they were as near perfect as anything could be. The climax of all was the fine lot of trees on which "spices" were growing. There were cloves, cinnamon, pepper, nutmeg, &c. We just naturally referred to the hymn that was familiar to all of us:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle
And every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

COLOMBO, CEYLON

A cantankerous maiden lady of the party always stressed the last line of the verse.

The man in charge was most gracious in giving us samples of everything that we wanted. The nutmegs were a surprise to me for the nutmeg is almost similar to the pit in a peach. The size and shape of a small lemon. When the outer part is cut away, the nut inside is covered with a white lacylike sack that is peeled off and becomes the "mace" of our markets. We had cloves that we saw picked. A nutmeg that I had, I kept in my stateroom and watched it grow wrinkled and the outside all dried up. It was a nice souvenir just the same!

The air certainly was spicy.

In the center of the city of Kandy there is a lake. This made the setting for the fine homes very picturesque. Kandy is the Capitol of Ceylon. The shops looked well filled with oriental things. We saw elephants in the river bathing as we crossed a bridge leading out of the city. Some gentlemen from our ship were getting "movies" so we had a chance to watch the keeper of some elephants give them the signal to lie

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down in the water, then he would have them get half-way up, then have them get out of the water altogether. The keeper looked so small and so picturesque with his gay turban and his scanty attire, but how he could make those elephants do anything he wished them to do! It was a beautiful picture to see the trees, the river, the hills in the distance and those wonderful elephants!

Our trip back to Colombo was over the same road that we had come in the morning. Along the stream that flowed down the mountainside we often saw the natives having a "dip" in the stream. Then we saw many places where the elephants were lying in the water to cool off. I saw a man fill a pail with water and hold it up so he poured it on top of his head and the water ran down over the garments that he had on. No doubt they soon dried on his back and he felt refreshed from the baptism he had given himself. Many little children were toddling along with no clothes on at all. It was Monday, and all along the way we saw clothes on the lines and bushes to dry. I guess, all the world over, the real washing day, is on Monday. As the sun

began to go down. I put on my jacket, for the air changed very quickly. Light showers made the vegetation look better after the heat of the day.

Nearing the city we saw thousands of people pouring out of offices, factories, and stores and hurrying home for their evening meal. These people looked like a different "class" from those we had seen in the country and the small villages through which we had passed.

The trip on the "tender" back to the ship gave us a fine view of the harbor and the many ships lying at anchor. Lights were twinkling here and there and it seemed like a fairy harbor with toy ships at rest on the quiet waters. The climb up the steps at the side of the ship was rather "scarey," but I kept steady, and landed safely with my "tea" and my "elephants." Such a wonderful day as we had had, but we were so tired we were glad to get back to our staterooms once more.

The swish of the waves against the ship lulled us to sleep as we pulled out into the broad ocean, and we had several days of relaxation again as we settled down to the heat, and the trip to Bombay.

X

Bombay, India

AS WE neared Bombay it grew very much hotter, We had to go into the channel that led to the "locks." The tide was not with us so we were delayed in getting up to the pier. All along the pier were the natives in the Indian costume. This looked to us like a sloppy white cloth wadded up around the waist and the ends flapping around the legs. The "turbans" were of different colors, some pink, and some purple &c. The color and the manner of winding indicated the "cast" to which the wearer belonged, I think. There were two tugs pushing the ship but we were very slow in going through the "locks." Every time we landed we had to use up so much valuable time with the "red tape" and the officers

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of each country, that we found Bombay was no exception.

The official guide who was supposed to be on hand to meet me, was not there, so I had to go down the gangplank alone, and along the pier, until at last I found the man who should have been hunting for me. There were several autos ready to take passengers to see the city.

The buildings showed the British influence without any one to tell us. On every side were well built structures. What is called "The Gate of India," is a huge arch, like a triumphal arch, built at the edge of the water. On a large square, like a park, was the Taj Mahal hotel. A very elaborate place and I fancy a very expensive place to stop.

The Prince of Wales Museum was a massive building and I am sure houses many things typical of India. but our time was so limited we could not go inside. The large new railroad station looked more like a palace than a place where trains come and go. The barracks were large and well cared for. Across the harbor, a jetty has been built, and the plan was to

have it filled in to the mainland, and then eventually use it for building lots.

When we were taken to the Burning Ghat, I was not quite prepared for what we were going to see. We saw men with tip racks on which were sticks of wood, as we entered a wide gateway. These sticks were almost what we would call cord-wood lengths. We soon discovered that these were to be used for burning the bodies of the dead. We looked down a long open space and saw where three or four bodies were burning. The logs are placed on a stretcher like affair, and on this a body that has been wrapped in cheese cloth, linen, or even silk, is placed thereon, and the fire is started. It all seemed so dreadful to me that I did not stay to see any more, so went back to the waiting car. I sat there thinking it all over until others of the party had seen all they wanted to see. Thinking of it from one point of view, it is really more sanitary to burn the dead, than to bury them in that tropical climate. Cremation is practised in our own country, only the burning process is different. From the Burning Ghat we were taken to the Tower of Silence. This is where the Parsees have the final rites for their dead.

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We left the auto and climbed a broad winding stairway of irregularly placed stone steps. It was quite a climb to the top. Our guide took us into a most beautiful flower garden where there were benches on which people might rest and meditate. The quiet atmosphere and the lovely flowers and shrubs made the place seem very sacred. Looking about us we saw two huge walls of cement in circular form, that suggested the walls of a stadium. We learned that it is inside of those walls that the bodies of the dead are placed. We were shown a miniature model of what the arrangement of the inside is like. This was circular in shape. On a raised platform, on the outer part of the circle, are placed the bodies of men. Inside of that was a section on which are placed the bodies of women. Then on the inner circle are placed the bodies of children. No one sees the bodies after they are handed over to the authorities who put them into the "tower" for the vultures to pick! They say that it takes only half an hour for the "vultures" to do their work. After that an acid is put over the bones and with the heat of the tropical sun, the bones are soon dissolved into powder or dust. Our

guide gave us the quotation from the Bible, that "we were made from dust and to dust we would return." The visit to the Tower of Silence awakened my interest to know more about it from a religious point of view.

The funeral ceremonies of the Parsees as given by Jivangi Jamshed ji modi was a most interesting little book that I read on the subject. Their ceremonies and observances are divided into two parts: First, Those that relate to the disposal of the body. Second, Those that relate to the good of the soul. "Death levels everybody, whether he dies as a king on the throne, or as a poor man without a bed on the ground." These are ideas of the Zoroastrian religion. "In all the ceremonies of the Parsees, the north side is, as a general rule avoided." "The winds from the northern cold regions brought sickness and death." "The winds blowing hard from the south purifies the atmosphere all around." The wind blowing towards the soul of a virtuous man when it passes on the dawn of the third night after death, to heaven, is said to come from the south and is sweet-scented and fragrant. The body of the dead is removed to the Tower of Silence any time

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during the *day*. As it is essential that the body should be exposed to the sun, it is strictly forbidden to carry it at *night*. All those who follow the bier to the tower are clothed in white, full dress. They arrange themselves in pairs of two, hold a "paiwand" between them, take Baj and silently march to the tower. The procession is headed by two priests. "The Towers of Silence are generally built on tops of hills or on elevated ground, a spot away from human dwellings." The circular platform inside of the tower is about three hundred feet in circumference. It is entirely paved with large stone slabs well cemented and divided into three rows of shallow open receptacles corresponding with the three moral precepts of the Zoroastrian religion.

First, Good Deeds.

Second, Good Words.

Third, Good Thoughts.

A sacred number is 101, and 3 is also a sacred number. At first thought the details of some of their ceremonies may appear irksome, but from the standpoint of san-

tation and health, most of them although enjoined about three thousand years ago, appear essential and indispensable. According to the Zoroastrian belief, the retention between a pious deceased and his surviving relatives does not altogether cease after death. His holy spirit continues to take some interest in his living dear ones. After the third day the soul passes over the bridge called Chinvat. One cannot help but be interested in the religions of other nations, and while the manner of the Parsees seem strange to us, yet they have no trace of disease or sickness from the decomposition of their dead. The lovely garden where the mourners may go to meditate is so quiet and so peaceful! They may not go into the garden until they have gone through certain ablutions which makes them ceremonially clean.

After we left the Garden of Silence, we went several steps higher up, where there was a fine park. Flowers, flowers everywhere, and the grass was like velvet and settees around on which one might sit and enjoy the beauty. Then we saw the "hanging gardens" which were very unusual. From this high altitude we had a

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fine view of the city. The weather was fair, but oh, it was HOT. We looked out over the city and saw a very ornate tower with a lot of carving on it and we were told that it was a Hindoo Temple. The park which I have just described was "made" land over the huge reservoir of water that supplies the city. This prevents evaporation for one thing, and besides, keeps the water cool. Our trip through the residential section of the city, revealed no end of fine palaces where the rich "nabobs" live. These places were walled in, so that the gardens and trees were like private parks. We passed a place where quantities of washings were being done. My post card of the Dhobi Ghat looks like row upon row of wash-tubs.

We saw a Mohammedan Mosque and also the palace of the Maharajah who had married a young woman from the U. S. A. We rode through the streets of Bombay, where there were markets and booths of all kinds. People, people everywhere, it looked as if people actually lived in the streets.

Our driver took us to a department store where they spoke English. There always comes a time when one

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needs to get some little things, even though one may have been well equipped when sailing on such a long voyage. From my notebook it seems that thread was one thing that I was after and also white shoe-dressing. The guide took us back to the ship and we had seen so much, it would take some time to think it all over.

I sat out on deck, and my attention was attracted to "natives" handling coal. Barges were along side of a ship and from the barge to the ship was placed a plank at a very steep angle. Up this plank with baskets of coal on their heads, they then boosted the basket to two others just above them until it had passed eight, that is, four groups of two each. At the top, the last group boosted it to the top of the head of a carrier who trotted off with it to put it in the "hold" of the ship. The bronze bodies of these workers were strong and muscular. There were two sets of workers. One shift would handle the baskets of coal until it looked as if they were all out of breath, then the others would step in and carry on.

The chief engineer of the ship saw me watching the

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loading so he said to me "What would you say if I told you that some of those workers are women?" I said "Why, it could not be possible for women to do that kind of work." But he said "More than half of them *are* women." Well, I wonder how they can do such heavy work, in such a climate! The unloading of our ship was interesting and instructive. I never ceased to be surprised at the quantity of freight that was brought up out of the "hold" of the ship. I noticed some huge boilers swung out of the "hold" and put onto barges. Of course I asked about them and learned that they had been put on board at Boston. They were to be sent up into the heart of India to be placed in a large factory of some kind.

The loading and unloading went on all night as well as all day, so that it was pretty noisy and oh so hot! What did they do before the electric fans were invented? Some of the passengers went ashore at night to see the sights. They told afterwards how it was hard to walk on the streets for people were sleeping on the sidewalks. Just to think that people live that way, with no homes and no place to go, except the street. As we

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had been riding about the city during the day, we had seen men asleep on top of stone walls and most any place that they could tuck themselves away.

The Stewardess went with us and we took a taxi to the Indian store. She knew where to go and all about the "money," for we had been obliged to get used to so many different kinds of money it was some problem. The Indian store was filled with things Oriental. The first thing that attracted me were the scarves. These were so typically Indian that I chose one after another until I found that I had thirteen. Then I began looking at the silk "saris" with embroidery of beautiful Indian designs. This came near to being my "Waterloo" for I wanted a nice one. At last, I bought one for myself, as the scarves were mostly for gifts. On the ship coming home on furlough were several missionaries. When they saw my "sari" they told me that the design and coloring was from Cashmere, so naturally I feel very proud of my purchase. So many lovely things in the shops. The carved elephants seemed always to be a temptation. They are so typical of India and Malaya. A trip to a silk store reminded me of the "bazaars" in

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Constantinople, only in these shops one could see his way back to the street. I had spent all the money that I happened to have with me, but when I saw beautiful white silk forty-five inches wide for a "rupee" a yard (forty cents in our money) I grew reckless and borrowed the money to buy ten yards, and I have never been sorry that I did. The things that we saw were so lovely and so reasonable, I used to wish that I had a "truck" so that I could have a really riotous time shopping. Then I could bring back the lovely gifts that I would have liked to give to my friends.

We stopped at the post office for one of the party to do an errand, and while we waited, we were besieged by fortunetellers who were anxious to tell us the secrets of the future. Once more we were glad to get back to the ship.

After luncheon we had a fine time looking over our treasures. I took a last trip down on to the pier to get a few more post cards. I looked at some hand-chiseled brass trays, boxes, &c. I had two rupees left of Indian money and there was a small tray that I admired, so I offered what I had, for the tray. The sale

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man was filled with indignation that I should offer so little, and I said "all right, that is all I have" and started up the gangplank. In a few minutes I turned to look back at the things for sale, when to my surprise the man was after me with the tray, almost forcing it onto me. He got my few coins and I went to my stateroom with a very beautiful tray. To me, it was real fun to bargain with the Orientals, for so many times I really did not care whether I got the things or not! The memory is such a strange little vagabond, the images of the time, the place, and the results, are so inextricably woven into the story that surrounds a curio, that it brings an added pleasure as time makes its own beautiful setting to the souvenirs of a world trip. This was my last purchase in Bombay. I sat in my steamer chair and watched the Oriental ships tied up to the piers, as we quietly slipped along the "locks" and out into the ocean. The salt air gradually took away the various "smells" of Bombay. If one sat still and made no exertion it was not so bad, but the heat was terrific! All night long I tossed and tumbled, and was glad for the beginning of a new day.

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From my lovely white silk I cut out a dress so I could have one gown without any sleeves. It certainly was convenient to be able to get a sewing machine from one of the ship's officers, on which quite a number of things had been made since we set sail from America. Some lovely filet lace that I had bought in Hong Kong made a nice trimming and so I had a dinner gown suitable for a hot night.

One night every one was asked to wear unusual costumes, so my roommate put on her new "Mandarin" coat, and I wore my Kimono with the heavy embroidery that I had found in Singapore, and as we appeared there was a great exclaiming, for everyone was so surprised that we had bought anything of the kind.

Bombay was left far behind and we were entering the Red Sea. The salt baths were a constant joy.

XI

Cairo, Egypt

THE heat still stayed with us across the Arabian Sea. My roommate had been very apprehensive about the trip through the Red Sea. We sailed along quite safely through the Gulf of Aden, and much to our surprise we had a cooler night as we entered the Red Sea. We were told that the reason for the name, Red Sea, was because the winds blowing the sands from the Arabian Desert fill the air with so much fine sand that the air actually is "red" and that it is almost unbearable at such times.

For us, the air was clear and wonderful so that we enjoyed the sail on the Red Sea. Of course we had the "Captain's Dinner" with all the decorations and frivol-

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ity, but we had celebrated so many such occasions that the novelty had now quite worn off.

The next morning was Sunday and a fine clear day it was. We met in the social hall for services which were conducted by a missionary from Cawnpore U. P. India, who was coming back on furlough. She spoke on "The Power of the Gospel of Christ" and from her own experiences in India, she knew where of she spoke. After the services I went out forward on the ship where I could see the coast line on both sides.

Soon I could see Suez in the distance. On the Arabian side was a narrow stretch of yellow sand showing the coast line. This was, no doubt the place where in the Bible story, the Israelites had crossed the Red Sea. After having lived at the seashore many summer seasons and watched the ebb and flow of the tides, I could easily imagine how the tide with a strong East wind, could have left the dry ground for the Israelites to cross over, and how the change of wind and tide could have changed and destroyed the Philistines. It was a wonderful experience to sail along and see the unusual coloring of the sand, the sky, and the clear atmosphere

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The long stretch of sand was broken by a clump of palm trees. I was told that it was "Moses Well." Evidently this was an oasis in the desert sands. It made it more real, too, to think of the Bible history.

The coast on the African side looked very barren. There were a number of boats came along side, and there seemed to be more "red tape" to go through than at any other port where we had landed. It was all very interesting but we were impatient to be off. Soon the word was passed around that we were going ashore and not wait for the early dinner that had been planned. It had grown cooler so I decided to wear my cloth suit with a change of waists, for the trip to Cairo. The "tender" took us to the pier at Suez. It was so cool that I was glad that I had my chiffon scarf inside of my coat!

When we landed at Suez we were hustled into a large building and the door was locked. We were counted and then passed on out at another door. I wanted to avoid the woman who had been my "bete noir" so by the time I got into a car, I was on one of the small jump seats. There were vendors with beads,

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cards, &c but I thought we would see plenty of them in Cairo, so did not buy any. A stop was made for Customs inspection. My bag was the first one to be opened, so I was through first. When I went out to the car, one of the ladies said to me "Get in here where you belong" so I sat down beside her and the girls had to take the jump seats.

We started off on a ninety-mile trip through the Sahara Desert. The roads were not good. We went pretty fast for the drivers of the cars were rivals as to which one would reach Cairo first. The wind was cold and I tied my scarf over my hat to hold my head and hat in place! Finally the other ladies wanted the side curtains put on and I was thankful for I had been blown almost to pieces. And so we rode bumpity bump through the Desert. A full moon made things look rather weird. Lonely! oh my! Miles and miles and not even a "filling station" in sight. The girls on the jump seats simply could not stand it, so one of them crowded into the front seat, and the other one got in between us on the back seat. It was one of the hardest auto trips that I have ever taken. As we rode through the wilder-

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ness of sand we passed a few tents where the wandering Arabs were camped for the night. It was a dangerous trip and one that I would not care to take again. How glad we were when we caught the first glimpse of the lights in Cairo, for we knew then that a few more miles would land us at the Continental Savoy.

Cairo seemed cleaner and more up-to-date than when I was there in 1929. Soon we were registered and shown to our rooms. Mine was large and fine with a huge bath room. I washed up a bit then went down to dinner. A fine one was all in readiness to be served and we were pretty hungry. It was late when I finally got to bed. The street noises awakened me at different times in the night, but I was up and dressed and met my shipmate for breakfast. We had been together so many weeks we were good "pals." At nine o'clock the cars were ready for the sight-seeing trip. My "hoodoo" was on the front seat and she made herself disagreeable as usual. We rode through the city, across the Nile and to the Pyramids. I had not planned to ride a camel, but the dose I had had forced upon me made me so angry, I felt as if I would try almost anything. They

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got me on to the camel quite easily, and off we went! Really I was not so frightened as I was on a pony in the Gap of Dunloe in 1930. From the height of a camel's back I gained a new vision of the Pyramids and the valley of the Nile. We rode along past Cheops, and on down to the Sphinx. There everyone got off to walk down into the Temple and to see the Sphinx from a different angle, and to hear the guide tell all about it. The excavations had made marvelous changes since I had seen the Sphinx five years before. I wondered how I would dare to ride the camel back to where we had started from, but I did. The camel's name was "Moses" and I felt the atmosphere of Egypt and the name were so in keeping, that I actually enjoyed the remainder of the trip. When I dismounted I found that I had ruined a pair of gloves, and that my elbow had gone through the sleeve of my waist, but why worry? Think of what I had seen. My "hoodoo" was simply awful when we got into the car. Everyone wondered why she ever took the trip. The guide took us to a fine shop where I bought three pieces of "tent work." Back to the hotel, a rest, luncheon and then off for another trip.

We went to the Citadel. The hawkers were selling the white "tassely" fly-slappers so I accumulated several during the afternoon trip. The view from the Citadel was wonderful. One could see for miles in different directions. The palace must have been a place of splendor in its day. The ruler who lived supreme in the palace invited his enemies to "tea." Each man as he came was met by an axe falling across his neck. In this manner quite a list of "guests" were gotten rid of. Imagine living at a time when such things were possible! We had hoped to see the Alabaster Mosque but repair work was being done so that visitors were not allowed.

We did see the Mosque of the Caliphs. There were inlaid enamels in the arches of the ceiling. There were pulpits of carved ivory, of ebony, of mother-of-pearl and of cedar. On the floors were magnificent rugs. A carved screen was placed across one end of the Mosque, to hide from view those who wished to rest and to meditate, after prayers. The Mosque in which were the tombs of royalty, had magnificent mausoleums. It seemed that each ruler had vied with his predecessor

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to have his mausoleum more magnificent than those who had lived before him. The "chandeliers" with such exquisite glass globes attracted my attention so I asked the guide when they were used? He said "At the time of feasts." Even with my vivid imagination it is hard to picture enjoying a "feast" in the midst of tombs! In both of the mosques we had been obliged to wear slippers over our shoes. We were taken through narrow streets, with many small shops and people, people everywhere. Gradually we found our way into the bazaar district. The streets were alive with people! At the crossings everyone had to get out of the way of cars, carts, donkeys &c. The guide took us to the perfume factory, and some of the ladies made purchases, but I was not interested so I wandered into a bazaar where there was about everything. Jewelry, brasses, leather goods, tent-work, embroideries and many choice things. I was beginning to feel so tired I did not care to see anything more. The guide took me to the car and the streets through which he took me looked strange indeed and I never could have found my way alone. Our driver was a Mohammedan. He

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had marks on his face that looked as if they had been burned in. I talked with him about the different mosques and then I asked him about the marks on his face. He said "It was the name of Mohammed." Well, I said "You cannot get away from that." He said "No, I would be killed."

Soon the guide brought others of the party and we went back to the hotel. A chance to rest for an hour was most welcome. After dinner we sat in the lounge and watched the people. My friend wanted to see the "Star Sapphires" so we went into the jewelers shop to see them. They were beautiful, but they cost hundreds of dollars, so we did not buy. A good nights rest and we were ready for the trip to the museum.

At the entrance are huge statues of Egyptian Kings. The guide told us that a statue in which the hands were crossed, showed that the king had presented himself to the god of the underworld. If the king had a beard, it meant that he was a "priest" as well as a king. The "hawks-wings are symbols of a king." They showed him as a god. In large showcases we saw

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images representing dwarfs, bakers, hunchbacks, &c. this was so the departed spirit might find his own type of body when he came back to this earth. There was an image of a dwarf and his family. The children were represented in the stone carving like the man, the father, only smaller and with that was a childish symbol of some kind to show that they were children. Another image represented a jester to the king.

There were huge coffins with the inner walls of the tombs decorated with pictures of everything that the body could need. This was so that the soul when it returned to the body, would find everything that it needed and could start right off! There was pottery of all kinds. An alabaster slab with heads at the front and a place cut at the back with a bowl beneath it. Imagination had been brought into play as to what this might have been used for, finally it was decided that it was for a wine offering. In a large glass case was the mummy of King Tut's father. The case was enameled on sycamore wood, clear fine coloring and plenty of gold. In a large tomb was a cow-headed god. Thotmes

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was the king who had brought to Egypt sweet-smelling woods for incense.

Horus was the Sun God.

Osiris was the god of the Underworld.

Isis was the god of Love and Happiness.

As we were looking, some workmen were carrying a slab of stone. They were keeping time, by singing a weird chant. This helped them to carry *together* better.

In the King Tut collection were cases of rings, seals, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, &c. The design of the Scarab was ever present. This is the symbol of immortality I am told. There was so much enamel, jade, turquoise, and carnelian. In an alabaster case with two compartments in it for water, had been placed the viscera of King Tut (the heart, liver, and lungs). On the glass covering it, there had formed drops of moisture. I presume this carried out the principle that we use in our "berry bowls." The queen had the organs so placed to keep them from drying up. There was a large "funeral bed" of gold on which was a head rest similar to the ones we had seen in Japan and China. At

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the side of the bed was a chair and a box in which were enameled "quoits." I do not know what connection there was between them, the funeral bed, and the room. Beside the cases of jewelry there was the gold case on which there were enameled wings. The fourteen karat gold was alone worth half a million dollars. This was the case in which King Tut's body was found. This case was put inside of a larger case covered with enamel, jewels, and gold. The gold of both cases was so yellow, I could hardly believe that it could be so fresh looking after being buried so many years. There were three funeral beds. The king was carried on one of these beds from the palace to the temple. If he had been good, he was carried on a bed to the lake, and then carried several times around the lake and finally buried! In the collection were some single beds, some sacred boats and a great many idols in blue representing servants to do his bidding, when he returned.

A statue had been found at Karnak and presented to the king. This dated back to 1400 B. C. After the King Tut collection was found, this statue proved to be of the King Tut period, so it was placed in the collec-

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tion. There were many cases, gold cases inlaid and enameled. King Tut's queen had his viscera put inside of four coffins, then in alabaster with mask over his body, then three large cases, one inside of the other and each covered elaborately with gold and many Egyptian hieroglyphics cut into the finish of the cases.

The cobra, a serpent, represents royalty. There were images in gold. Houris, the hawk-headed god, god of the sun, had "wings" on nearly everything. There was a crown on which there was a cobra, and this had been worn by a "queen." This crown had belonged to the queen who built the temple at Luxor. There were strappings for the body, set with jewels and enameled. Wonderful cases of earrings and necklaces that had been for the queen. In a large case, all by itself, was the frame of the king's umbrella. We saw two throne chairs, one for lower Egypt, and one for upper Egypt. There were two cases of ebony, out of which came the cobra in gold, this was the "divine" serpent. Many cases of many gods! There was one representing King Tut being carried to the temple on one of the gods. There was an alabaster drinking cup, a vase for oil to

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be used for light, pieces of harness covered with gold &c. There were no horses in Egypt until the eighteenth dynasty. Horses were then brought from Arabia. There were cases filled with canes, with bugles, with royal staves, and many small idols. The amulets were in blues and greens. There was an image of the king on the back of a panther, another one of him on a flat boat. An image of the Nile god holding a vase of alabaster. There were chariots with gold mountings, an image of the god of the bedchamber, this had the head of a jackal. A feather fan that had belonged to the queen, a chess game with such an unusual board, on which the original "chess men" were placed. There was a beautiful chest, on the side of which was a picture of King Tut set in jewels, representing him killing a duck. There were four coffins to enclose a lock of hair of King Tut's mother. There were many more things that one could not remember or take in, in such a short time.

As we came out of the museum, there was at the gate, one of those "turbaned seers" who wished to tell one's fortune. I had been so absorbed in seeing the

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relics of ages past, that I welcomed the getting back on earth, by having my hand read. Of course he predicted wonderful good fortune and a safe return to America. We carry the map of America in our personality so strongly, that everywhere foreigners know us at a glance. When I was abroad the first time, in 1902, people said that Americans were known by the "shoes" that they wore! The ride to the hotel, then luncheon gave our eyes a rest from sight-seeing, but we were off again in the early afternoon to old Cairo.

They pointed out the place where Pharaoh's palace had been when his daughter had discovered Moses in the bulrushes. After a walk through narrow alleyways, where there were beggars asking for "back-shees," and innumerable children covered with flies, on their eyes, and on their mouths for they say "that the flies in Egypt hunt for the moist places," we came to a very old church.

This was a Coptic church. The priest showed us the altar that had a screen of carved cedar, inlaid with ivory and ebony. This was in small panels showing Biblical subjects. We were taken behind the altar and

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then down a steep stone stairway. The steps were very much worn by the pilgrims who had visited the cave where Joseph and Mary had hidden when they fled from Palestine to Egypt with the young child Jesus, at the time Herod had proclaimed death to all children of a certain age hoping to put out of the way the child that had been born in "Bethlehem of Judea." At one end of the cave, screened in, was an altar on which a candle was burning. There were candles burning at each side of the altar. On one side was a confessional for men, and on the other side a confessional for women. The lights are kept burning *all* the time. The Coptic church had been built over the cave where Joseph and Mary had taken refuge, and must be one of the authentic places of history.

The Ben Ezra Synagogue was not far away. As we entered we saw in the center of the room, tables that looked like the pictures of the "Tables of Stone" on which Moses received the Ten Commandments. There were chairs on each side, suggesting the *Sinaitic* law. The guide was a bright young man and perhaps the "priest" of the synagogue. He showed us a framed

picture of the Seven Branch Candlestick. The names were: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Aaron, David, and Solomon. The wood in the screen was 1300 years old. In a room at the side of the altar, was the torah, that they claimed had belonged to Moses. He withdrew from the people to go in to the desert (Gizeh) to worship and meditate. There he had buried the Torah believing that, in time, it would be found. Where the Ben Ezra Synagogue is built is over the place where the Torah was found. Inside of the altar was the Pentateuch written on gazelle skin. At a side of the altar, in a case, was the Torah 900 years old. There was an original manuscript taken from the Second Temple 500 B. C. This Torah was over 2400 years old. This was indeed a rare specimen! As I was so interested, the priest who had been our guide in the synagogue showed me some post cards of the place, which I was glad to buy, even though I had given him an "offering." In the room where the Torah was found, sick people come to lie down to be healed of their diseases.

They feel that the place is sacred, and the atmosphere helpful. I felt that this Ben Ezra Synagogue and

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the Coptic church were the most satisfactory "sights" that I had seen. Old Cairo certainly looks ancient and demolished. I felt as though I had been back several hundred years. Speeding back to the hotel brought us down on earth once more. When we had finished luncheon there was not time enough to go to the shops so we sat in the lounge and watched the people coming and going until time for us to go to the train for Alexandria. We passed some beautiful banyan trees, and the curving road gave us a fine picture of the streets in Cairo. I was in a compartment with a lady and her husband who had been on the trip on our ship, so I did not feel alone. From the car windows we saw the fertile fields, the irrigating system carried on by the faithful bullocks, who went round and round to bring water through the water wheel, to spread into the ditches for moistening the roots of the vegetables, grains, alfalfa, and other things that grew so luxuriantly. We passed many strange looking villages. The houses looked like mud huts, with only a hole now and then for a window. They all seemed to be living together. Once in a while we caught a glimpse of a

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quarantine officers made things more uncomfortable than usual. A trip on the "tender" showed the harbor with the lights twinkling in different directions and so we had a last memory picture as we went to our ship. It was a hard climb up that long stairway on the side of the ship, for we were all so tired. We felt as though we were getting "home" again. We dumped

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our bundles and went for dinner as quickly as we could for the waiters were anxious for their chance to go ashore to see things. Soon we settled down to the routine of the ship and a good rest to get ready for a trip to see the "sights" of Naples.

XII

Damascus

IT is said that Damascus is the oldest city in the world. It certainly is different from other cities. The latter part of March, 1929 I was with a party on the Mediterranean trip including Palestine and Egypt. We had spent the week-end at Beirut and were off by auto at seven A.M. Our ride up the side of the Lebanon mountains was wonderful for it was clear and we could see the snowcaps in the distance. We wore about all the clothing we could put on, for it was cold. The road was winding as it usually is on such a rise as we were making, thus giving us views of the valleys in different directions. When we reached the top we saw a long line of trucks that had been held up by the snow banks that had blocked traffic for several

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days. Quite a crew of men had been at work cutting a tunnel through, so that cars could get through. They said that it never had been known before having such snow banks at that time of year. Our cars lined up with the others that were waiting, and so we looked out over a wide expanse of snow, snow and cold! A few of the party had enough courage to get out and take a few "snap shots" and after we reached home we were glad to have proof of what we had seen. We were at an altitude of 5000 feet. Finally our turn came to go through the tunnel that had been cut through the snow drifts. We went very slowly for the way was not very smooth. The snow walls on both sides of us were about thirty feet high and looking ahead we could only just see daylight. We bumped along and fortunately nothing broke to make matters worse. How thankful we were to reach the end of the tunnel safely.

The road leading down the other side of the mountain gave us views of the Valley of Boga. Not so very far down the mountain we saw fruit trees in bloom. Fields of peppers, cyclamen, daisies, and other flowers in bloom in quantities. I said to our conductor 'what

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will our friends say when we tell about the snow banks and then so soon to see flowers in bloom?" He said "It is true, is it not?" I said "it certainly is true." So on we went for the trip through the Valley of Baca. The Lebanon mountains were on both sides of us. We saw men plowing with oxen and the same type of plow that was used in the time of Christ. Later I asked why they did not use American plows, and I was told that the blades are too long and too sharp. The up-to-date plow would cut down below the good soil and bring up the sandy soil and so spoil everything. The old time plow goes just deep enough.

The cloud effects were marvelous as we saw them hanging above the mountains. We arrived at Baalbec in time for luncheon and we were good and hungry. The curator took us to see the ruins of a Temple to the Sun. Huge columns are still standing. From the size of the place I should think there had been a time when thousands worshipped there. We saw the altar on which human beings were sacrificed as well as many animals. There was a groove cut in the stone for

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the blood to run down and away. It seemed rather gruesome to me.

It seems to be a mystery how they ever placed the enormous stones together without mortar and at such a height. Some of the secrets of building must have been lost during the ages.

The ride through the Valley of Baca on our way to Damascus was very cold. We saw several camel trains as they slowly moved along with burdens. The donkeys with their "heads and bells" were loaded too and they trudged along as steadily as could be. All this gave the Oriental flavor that we liked. When we came into the city of Damascus we saw in the public square the people with their "wares" spread out on mats for "sale." There was just about everything one could think of.

When we reached the hotel we went into the lounge and I never will forget how good it seemed to smell the warm air! They had fire in a stove that we used to call a "base-burner." The stoves that they had in the rooms were the tiniest things, but how they could throw out the heat. The food was pretty good but we

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were careful what we ate. I noticed the loaves of bread that were about a yard long all piled up in a big box at the side of the dining room. No paper covering of any kind, they were exposed to the dust and any old thing that might be floating about.

The "Muezzin" call to prayer from the tower of the temple near by was really wonderful to me. The Mohammedans are reminded every hour to pray, and many of them are faithful to their belief. How it broadens one's vision to see and to hear what the people of other parts of the world are doing.

We visited the Great Mosque or the Mosque of Amayyade. Of course we had to wear slippers as we had done in other mosques. On the floors were most beautiful rugs. The mosaics on the walls and the ceilings were exquisite. There were alcoves in which the rugs were so placed that the worshipper knelt and prayed towards Mecca. The pulpit was a work of art with its carving and inlay. In the center of the mosque was an elaborate place like a chapel. In a tomb inside was said to be the head of John the Baptist. This is revered alike by Christians and Mohammedans. When

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I was in Genoa, Italy I stopped to see the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo. In it is a chapel called St. John the Baptist. At one side of the altar is a marble sarcophagus. This was brought from Palestine and the carving done in Genoa. The legend is, that the *ashes* of John the Baptist are inside. When I was in Damascus I had seen a tomb in a mosque there where they claimed had been placed the "*head* of John the Baptist," so I asked the guide about it. He said "Yes, that is true, but the *ashes* of the body are here." I felt that I had been able to make connections, as it were, in the famous legends that are told to travellers.

We went to a special tomb in which was buried a famous general. His turban was on top of the tomb. We visited a bake shop in the Bazaar. We rode through the narrow streets of the bazaar, glad to be protected by being in the autos. We went through the "street that is called straight." We passed through a doorway into the house of Annanias. We were shown to a funny little warty way that led down to a dear little chapel. We all sat down on the small pews and our conductor told us of the story of Paul, reminding the Bible notes

tive of Paul's conversion. From there we went to the "Brass Factory." Such an array of lovely pieces of brass of every kind and description. We invested in some of it to be sent back to America by express. We saw them working on furniture made with mother-of-pearl inlay. Women were working on beautiful silk rugs. The infinite patience of the Orientals is wonderful.

After luncheon we started out again. We went to a place of high ground overlooking the city. The side of the hill has reddish colored sand, and we were told that it was where Cain killed Abel, and his blood stained the sand. They say also that it is where Abraham first conceived the idea of one God. They tell that Mohammed first had the idea of Paradise.

From the Biblical scenes we went to the Araby shops. Such rugs and such silver work! The filagree silver was a temptation. Nearly every one purchased something.

We were taken to see the grave of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed who died 1400 years ago. The graves in the cemetery are above ground and they are made of cement. Molded in the cement is a vase for flowers so

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there is no danger of the vases being carried away. Another place that is always shown is "the wall where Paul was let down in the basket."

The sights in Damascus were very interesting and we started off with the trip through Palestine ahead of us and Jerusalem as the final goal. There we spent Easter Sunday and had a most unusual experience. I have read that "when Egypt was still young, Damascus had trade with China and the nations of central Asia." That might make my original statement quite true that Damascus is the oldest city in the world.

XIII

Jerusalem

EVERYONE who is at all religiously inclined is interested in the city of Jerusalem. Pilgrims from all over the world travel far to be there at Christmas time to go the short distance of about five miles to Bethlehem to see the place where Christ was born. Again at Easter time crowds throng the ancient city to celebrate the Resurrection, the greatest event in all history!

Our first view of the city was from the road coming into Jerusalem from Damascus. There is a good auto road, and one sees the camel trains moving slowly along the highway, also the Arabs in their peculiar Oriental costumes. The city wall, set on a hill, shows the outer wall of the Temple area. The Damascus

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Gate is the old entrance into the city coming from the north. As soon as we arrived in the city we went directly to the Notre Dame de France Hospice. There had been some kind of a mix-up for we had been "booked" to go somewhere else. Our rooms were like Convent cells, long and narrow with narrow beds and a very narrow passage so that it was rather close quarters. The hospice is run by the "monks." As we were there at Easter, we saw pilgrims from everywhere, and such long robes, and such queer looking hats as the priests wore. It was well worth watching to sit in the corridor and watch the people go by.

A street in the old part of the city is very narrow, and oh, the smells that one gets from all sides! There are small shops on both sides of the street. There are stalls where food is being cooked on "braziers" to be sold to passers-by, who walk off down the way eating as they go. People jostle each other for there are a great many on foot. The heavily laden donkeys have right of way and one must step aside to let them pass. The street is teeming with life and energy.

The various gates are most interesting. The Golden

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Gate is now closed. The Citadel of Zion gives a good idea of the old wall. The Tower of David is really a part of the Citadel. Recent discovery of inscriptions helps to establish long debated points of history in Old Testament times. The Armenian Monastery of Mt. Zion is said to be the site of the House of Caiaphas. The Jaffa Gate is not far from the Citadel and David's Tower. The place is lined on both sides with fruit vendors, bootblacks with highly polished brass covered boxes, vegetables, &c. There is the ever-moving crowd on foot.

The American Colony store is not far away where one may purchase Testaments bound in olive wood, beads made of olive wood, bags, scarves, cards, draperies, and last but not least by any means, most wonderful rugs.

When we entered the Temple area, we were obliged to have tied onto our feet huge matting slippers so that we might not profane the mosque for we were on ground controlled by the Mohammedans. We visited El Aksa first. The columns are very beautiful, the arches symmetrical, the rugs filled one's soul with envy!

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The pulpit is wonderfully carved and inlaid. From this mosque we walked out into the Temple area, the Dome of the Rock stands out more prominently than anything else. One sees the Collonade, the arches remaining of some former temple. At one side is the pulpit of Omar. This pulpit is used for their worship out of doors, in the open spaces. The whole area is sacred to the Moslems. No one is allowed to smoke in this area, and dogs are prohibited. The mosque of Omar is octagonal in shape. The outside is finished with most beautiful mosaics. This mosque is also known as the Dome of the Rock. Under the dome is a huge rock. It is irregular in shape 58 feet long by 44 feet wide. Jewish and Moslem tradition allege that this rock is the exact center of the earth and that from here was taken the clay from which Adam was created. The mosque is said to be 162 feet from side to side. The great dome is 87 feet in diameter and 108 feet high. Around the sides are beautiful Saracenic windows.

The Sacred Rock is enclosed by a circular row of columns and four piers, with an outer row of eight

piers and sixteen columns. On this rock is where Abraham was supposed to have offered Isaac. This takes us back in the Old Testament to Genesis 22. About 1900 B.C. Can your imagination grasp it? It is a long way to go. Our early teaching made us feel as if Abraham was way off in the skies somewhere when this happened. Another very great event comes down the ages from Genesis 21. The promise to Abraham that through him all the nations of the earth should be blessed, has come true in the life of Christ, as descended from David. The promise to Ishmael, the son of Hagar, that through him should come a great nation, has come true through Mohammed. There are at the present time 230 millions of Mohammedans as against 557 millions of Christians. There is a tradition that the "scales" of right and wrong hang over the Dome of the Rock. Souls passing out are here weighed, to decide as to their future destination. Mohammed is said to have ascended to heaven on his steed right up through the dome.

One of the substructures of the temple area is reached by a stairway that leads down to a vast sub-

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terranean tract known as Solomon's Stables. This chamber has immense piers supporting the vast roof. The place is enormous. Solomon must have had a large number of horses. All of this temple area is what we learned about in the Bible as Mount Moriah. When I saw the rock and thought of Abraham I could not seem to make the proper connection.

We left the Temple area and passed through the Via Dolorosa, then under the Ecce Homo Arch and into the house of Pilate. A convent now occupies the place. We went on to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At the right of the entrance we went in to see the cisterns under the vast area. We carried "tapers" and went down a long flight of stairs then walked along a heavy iron grating. It was very dark and our "tapers" showed us water, water everywhere and the reflections of our "tapers" in the water was kind of "spooky." We came back into the sunlight and entered the church.

Very near the entrance to the church was the Stone of Unction. It was near that stone that I stood on Easter Sunday to hear the fine music and see the services. I saw the wonderful procession led by men in

glittering garments and carrying swords. The high dignitaries of the church in their gorgeous white brocade satin robes heavily embroidered in gold! It was a long procession counting all of the priests. Then came the choir in their beautiful robes, singing gloriously. Such wonderful voices and such beautiful music. It was heavenly! I was so near to the men in the procession that I could easily have touched them if I had put out my hand. This was all a Roman Catholic service. Services are held by the Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, and the Copts. The Copts are an Egyptian race thought to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They are also said to be the principal sect of Christians in Egypt and the valley of the Nile. In the Angel's Chapel burn fifteen lamps: five belong to the Greeks, five belong to the Latins, four belong to the Armenians and one to the Copts.

In the inner chamber of the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre are forty-three lamps hanging from the ceiling. Thirteen belong to the Greeks, thirteen belong to the Latins, thirteen belong to the Armenians, and four belong to the Copts. This will explain why

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there seems to be so much gaudy decoration in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There were lamps hung in every conceivable place.

We went from this church to the pool of Bethesda. At the entrance there are tablets set into the wall in about forty different languages and dialects telling of the healing powers of the pool. John 5:2. One must go down a flight of stairs to the pool. Perhaps earthquakes have changed the lay of the land or filling in has raised some of the levels of the city. The pictures show it as it is today.

We visited Solomon's Quarries, and where we entered it seemed like a grotto. It was dark and the air was very close. Each one carried a lighted taper and we followed our guide through such a long, long quarry. This underground passage leads southward for 214 yards. The roof is supported by large pillars of rock. There can be no doubt that here were quarried the tremendous stones for Solomon's Temple. The color of the stone is milk white and Josephus speaks of this temple as looking like a "mountain of snow" and that it was built entirely of white stone. The Bible account tells us that the stones of the temple were

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prepared in the quarry and that "there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building" 1 Kings 6:7. This work was probably done in the large work chamber where there are mounds of chippings. The blocks were severed from the rock by means of wooden wedges driven into narrow cuttings on the side. When the block was detached on four sides these were subsequently swelled with water which caused the stones to split off. Niches for the small pottery lamps for the use of the quarry men are seen in the walls. The stone is soft and easily cut but when exposed to the outer air gradually grows harder and harder. I think every gentleman in the party purchased a gavel made of this stone to present to his Lodge of Masons at home. There was an altar or shrine way back in the quarry where Masons from the four corners of the globe had assembled at different times for their special service of some kind. Women are not supposed to know about such things, so we looked on and wondered! Could it be that the first meeting of Masons had been held in Solomon's Quarries perhaps thousands of years ago?

We were glad to come out into the daylight and the

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fresh air. It is said that the only part of the original Solomon's Temple is the Jews Wailing Wall. We went from David street down a narrow crooked street where there were beggars all of the way. We had been told in the beginning of our trip not to give to beggars, for if we had we would soon have been surrounded and unable to move on. The Jews Wailing Wall is not more than a hundred feet long. The open space by it, is not more than ten or twelve feet wide. Just to think of the history that is crowded into this comparatively small area. Three great religions of the world are represented in the Temple area:

The Christian with 557 millions, Catholic in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Mohammedan, with 230 millions, Mosque of Omar.

The Jewish, with 11 millions, the Wailing Wall.

Most impressive was our visit to the Garden of Gethsemene, the Mount of Olives and the many places made familiar through the study of the Bible. When I left Jerusalem and the Holy Land I had a new Bible, for I can never hear chapters read or read them myself without visualizing the very places in Palestine.

